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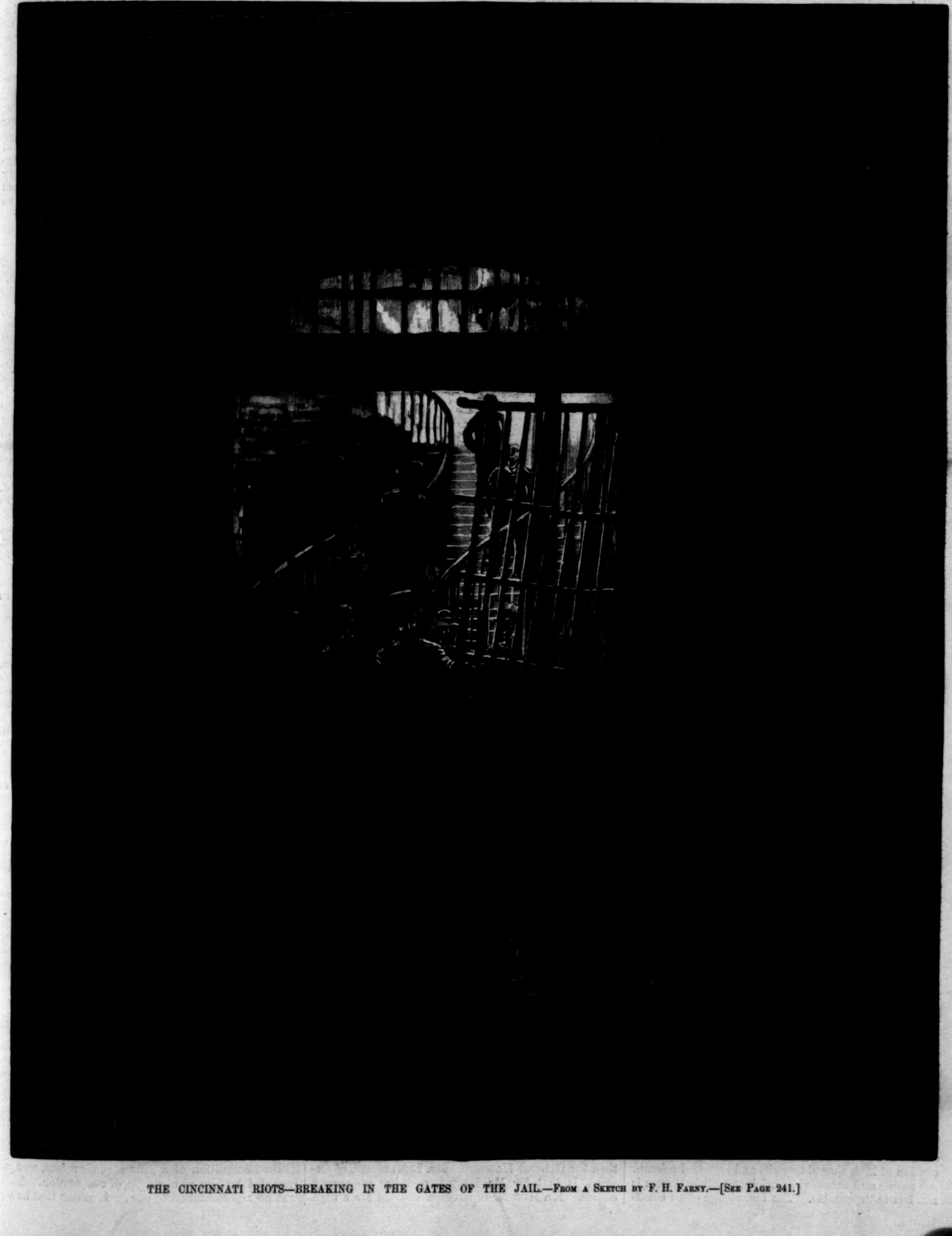

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS—BREAKING IN THE GATES OF THE JAIL.—From a Sketch by F. H. Farny.—[See Page 241.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 12, 1884.

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THE CINCINNATI RIOT.

THE story of the riot in Cincinnati is very simple and very familiar. In Cincinnati the miscarriage of criminal justice, which is everywhere only too apparent, has been long disgraceful. A flagrant instance of this miscarriage had just occurred in the failure of a jury to convict a notorious and self-confessed murderer, and a public meeting was held to protest against the wrong. Strong resolutions were adopted, and passions were excited, and a cry, "To the jail!" in which several other criminals were confined, was raised, and a mob was quickly rallied. The rest, of course, followed. Before morning the worst and most dangerous elements of the population were in full activity. The frenzy of crime which seizes such a crowd led it to fire and pillage. The military force was summoned to stay the mad destruction. But inadequate provision for such an emergency, or the want of skillful direction of the forces, enabled the riot to acquire a terrible momentum, and for a day the city seemed to be almost at the mercy of the mob, and the terror to have recalled that of the Gordon riots in London.

At an enormous cost of life and property, the burning of public buildings, and the destruction of valuable records, the riot was suppressed. But its significance is unmistakable. There would have been no riot except for the public meeting, and the meeting would not have been called but for the notorious and habitual failure of criminal administration. That is the real cause of the outbreak, and that is due, not to general suffrage, but to the neglect of intelligent persons to use the suffrage properly. The warning is plain, and it is universal. If intelligent citizens permit the whole initiatory duty of politics to be performed by venal politicians, if they allow them to dictate city charters and municipal legislation, and nominate candidates for office, including the lower and higher courts of law, and if the intelligent citizens merely ratify this work at the polls, content to "stand by" their party, violence and riot and rapine and murder, upon no greater occasion than that offered by the meeting in Cincinnati, will follow. The danger of a popular government is not the ignorance and recklessness of the criminal classes; it is the indifference of the intelligent classes. Such indifference as that which was shown by the Republicans of the city of New York in the late reorganization of the party is the cause of such bloody outbreaks as that in Cincinnati.

Bemoaning universal suffrage will not avail, nor merely denouncing Communism. When a Communistic or any other dangerous tendency appears, the first proper question is what produces it, and the first determination should be to treat the cause as well as the consequence. The miscarriage of criminal justice must be remedied in the first place by a system which will free the officers of courts from any kind of dependence upon criminal classes, and by the promptest public censure of those in whose hands justice fails. Laws which make conviction for heinous crimes difficult, if not impossible, should be modified, and the execution of laws should be swift and sure and solemn. An ample and thoroughly efficient militia system is not less indispensable. The knowledge of an effective force at hand to keep order if need be is in itself a bulwark of public peace and order. The mob in this country is in no just sense the people. An idle, lazy, reckless crowd, with which thieves and murderers and rascals of every kind and degree associate themselves, and which, if unexpected, swells to a maddened mob, dealing terror and ruin on every side, is not the American people, and those who call it so are merely panders to the spirit of crime. The recent events at Cincinnati will remind other cities that to leave their government to the discretion of those whom they do not trust nor respect is not a joke and a disgrace; it is an immediate and appalling danger.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.

Since the Democrats in Congress do not wish to take up the tariff as a serious question to be treated upon some intelligible principle, why should they not at least get the credit of some good and useful legislation by passing the bills which have already unanimously passed the Senate, and which will be of much greater benefit to the country than any tariff bill which they will probably pass—the bills providing for the Presidential succession and for counting the electoral vote by Congress. They are not partisan bills. They will not benefit one party more than the other. But they are acts which would save the country from great apprehension and from the chance of great disaster. Their passage would be a public service to which the party could "point with pride," and which would dispose of a very troublesome and constantly recurring question.

The disposition of parliamentary bodies to resolve themselves into debating clubs instead of practical business agencies is productive of enormous mischief and expense, and the difficulty with which they can be brought to adopt measures of useful legislation, unless they are whipped into it by an immediate and imperious public opinion, is extraordinary. They tangle themselves in rules of procedure which can be learned only by laborious study, and retained only by a tenacious memory, and so place themselves at the mercy of a few sharp and sometimes designing men, without whose favor legislative business can not proceed. A man with a cynical sense of humor can not look upon such a spectacle without the most satirical laughter, which is the tone of Carlyle's comments upon parliamentary government, or, as he called it, government by talk and wind. He never seems to have asked himself whether government is not practically an alternative, and whether, because government by the talk of many has its disadvantages, government by the will of one, who makes himself governor by force or by traditional consent, is necessarily better.

The House would silence such cynics for a time by a stroke of real and beneficent legislation such as we suggest, and as often as the sneer returned it could pass some other good bill. The Presidential election exposes the business and the peace of the country to very unnecessary disturbance, not because of the hurra of the campaign, but because of the universal consciousness that the simple determination of the result may precipitate the country into civil war. That is the plain statement of the fact, and the danger arises not from the nature of popular institutions, nor from the passions of the election, but simply from neglect to provide a form upon which, as the action of the Senate shows, there is no difficulty in agreeing. It is by this kind of wisdom that a popular government is tested. Great emergencies develop great character and heroism. But if a popular legislature neglects those little acts which, although mere forms and regulations in themselves, yet secure the smooth working of a government at its most vital point, that of the transfer of the supreme executive authority, then a popular legislature reveals the essential weakness of a popular system. It is that kind of wisdom in legislation, as much as the heroism of citizens in the field, which justifies the republic.

PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCES IN NEW YORK.

The New York *Herald* has made an interesting inquiry into the views of the members of the New York Legislature upon the subject of Presidential preferences, the tariff, and civil service reform. Among the Republican Senators, 6 prefer Mr. Edmunds as a candidate, 3 Mr. Arthur, 2 Mr. Blaine, 1 Mr. Sherman, 1 General Sherman, 1 General Hawley, and 4 are non-committal. Among the Assemblymen whose choice is reported, 26 are for Mr. Edmunds, 10 for Mr. Blaine, 7 for Mr. Arthur, 1 for Mr. Harrison, and 1 for John J. O'Brien, which last choice gives rather a *bouffe* air to the whole statement. Of the 10 whose first choice is Mr. Blaine, 4 named Mr. Edmunds as their second choice. Of the 26 whose first choice is Mr. Edmunds, 6 name Mr. Blaine for second. Of Mr. Arthur's 7, there are 2 who name Mr. Edmunds as their second choice, and 1 names Mr. Blaine. Mr. Roosevelt, of New York, is first for Mr. Edmunds, then for General Hawley. Mr. Littlejohn, of Oswego, is first for Mr. Blaine, and has no second choice. Mr. Husted reports his distrust for a high tariff and for civil service reform, but he expressed no preference among Presidential candidates.

The *Herald's* report is doubtless a fair representation of the general current of Republican preference in the Legislature, and that shows the general drift of Republican sentiment in the State. The replies upon the question of reform show how strongly favorable is the general feeling. Older politicians, however, like Mr. Littlejohn, are naturally opposed to it. They think it a "beautiful theory," as emancipation was thought to be thirty years ago, but wholly impracticable, as emancipation also was. The universal Republican sentiment, as shown by the *Herald's* report, is friendly to the protection of American industry, and very suspicious of any tariff legislation at this time. Mr. Roosevelt, who is not a protectionist in the usual sense, would have raw materials upon the free list, and free ships; but he reports his district as disposed to protection of the industrial interests of New York, and hostile to free trade or sweeping tariff reduction. His statement may be accepted as conclusive upon the general party position upon the question of the tariff.

There are, of course, many members of the Assembly whose views are not reported, but the small number upon the list who prefer Mr. Arthur is very significant. Unless the Assembly singularly misrepresents the sentiment of the districts, it is tolerably clear that he will hardly have a majority of the national delegates from the State in his favor. The Assemblymen, indeed, in expressing their preferences, probably consider availability, and it is the consciousness that there is a very strong opposition in the State to the nomination of the President which affects their expression. This opposition is due to the feeling that Mr. Arthur represents the system and the men that in the opinion of a great body of Republicans must bear the responsibility of Garfield's death. That Mr. Arthur's administration may have been prudent, wise, and pacific, that his general course has cost him the favor of General Grant and Mr. Conkling, and that, like other men, in wholly changed circumstances he may have altered many of his views, and so far favored reform as not to have repelled reformers—all this is of no avail. That he aided the enemies of Garfield, and was the chief beneficiary of his death, is the conclusive consideration, and this is so strong that there is no doubt that the Convention would seriously imperil the vote of New York by nominating a President whose administration it will yet be constrained honestly to praise. The preponderating legislative voice for Edmunds is the expression of the confidence that his nomination, much more than that of any candidate who has been mentioned, would secure the most united and the largest vote in New York. In Massachusetts the canvass of the *Advertiser* shows that of 471 prominent Republicans, 359 prefer Edmunds, 73 prefer Arthur, and 25 Blaine. For second choice, 87 name Arthur, 75 Edmunds, 39 Blaine. Mr. Edmunds's strength is undeniable. He unites eminent public ability and service with the greatest availability—a very unusual combination in a Presidential candidate.

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. SARGENT.

Mr. Sargent has declined the Russian mission, and, resigning his post at Berlin, will return to this country, alleging his fears of the Russian climate and urgent private business as the reasons. Under the circumstances, his course is not surprising. If, as is stated, the appropriation for the German mission will be omitted by Congress, and if, as was also stated with an air of authority, the mission at Berlin would be left vacant for some time after Mr. Sargent's departure for St. Petersburg as a sign of the dissatisfaction of our government with recent acts upon the part of the German Chancellor, Mr. Sargent could well say that his continuance at Berlin for a time, with the complete and public approval of his conduct by the government, would be a very much more emphatic and significant sign of displeasure. He was unquestionably, so far as appears, although enjoying the complete approbation of his government, transferred under fire. He has been driven out by the Chancellor.

It is quite proper when a government is informed that its minister to another government is a person not agreeable to that government, that it should change its representative, in order not to embarrass the transaction of business. But this is not that situation. A year ago, indeed, Mr. Sargent was admonished by the State Department that he had gone too far in making a certain statement to the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he was instructed to explain. The Foreign Minister received the explanation, and told him that he had already heard from Washington of the Department's disapproval. Mr. Sargent might have resigned upon this, but he did not; and if the knowledge of the home admonition emboldened Bismarck to take the course he did, yet from that moment the home government sustained Mr. Sargent, and publicly and significantly approved his course in the Lasker incident.

The admonition of a year ago, therefore, was not regarded by him as a reason of resignation. There was no representation to our government that he was an unacceptable minister. But he is roundly abused in German official newspapers, and in the very act of commending him his government transfers him to another post. Nor can the government plead that negotiations were not practicable under him if it proposes to stop all negotiation by practically closing the legation. The whole transaction seems to us unfortunate, especially if the transfer to St. Petersburg was made without consultation with Mr. Sargent. He knew better than it could be known at Washington the exact situation in Berlin. If he could be no longer useful he would have said so, and after a delay sufficient to show that the government was willing to submit to inconvenience in order to testify its approval, he might have resigned, or have been transferred, as he should elect. But the Lasker incident was scarcely closed when the transfer was made. Further disclosures may throw new light upon the transfer and resignation, which, as at present understood, injure the excellent impression produced by the management of the Lasker incident by the State Department.

MR. LEYPOLDT AND MR. TRÜBNER.

Two gentlemen well known as publishers and bibliographers recently died upon the same day, Mr. Frederick Leypoldt in New York and Mr. Nicholas Trübner in London. Mr. Leypoldt's name was very familiar a few years ago in the firm of Leypoldt & Holt. He was earnestly devoted to the work of his life, which was bibliography in the largest sense, and *The American Catalogue* is a monument of his knowledge, research, and zeal. To the end he was closely devoted to his useful literary labor, and his death was hastened by his industry.

Mr. Trübner, like Mr. Leypoldt, was of German birth. He was of the same general tastes, even to the interest in American literature, to which he also published *A Bibliographical Guide*. He was deeply interested in the literature of the Orient, and established the *American and Oriental Literary Record*. Mr. Trübner was a diligent student, and a welcome contributor to periodicals upon the subjects of his study.

Both of these gentlemen were modest and faithful soldiers in the great army of letters, serving for love of the good cause, and serving effectively. The high prizes in that service are not very many, says Thackeray; but single-hearted devotion and a constant labor that lightens the labors of others win prizes of another kind—the sincere respect and regard of all who know the fidelity and its result.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

The English Foreign Office has been instructed to obtain information from America in regard to the importation into England of American adulterated butter and cheese. There is already trouble with Germany about alleged diseased American pork. But American beef and grain are as yet unsuspected.

It was a singular blunder to attempt to introduce the much-celebrated oleo as ordinary butter. Butter is made from bovine fat in the form of cream; oleo is made from the purest bovine fat in a different deposit. But the word which describes it has acquired a most unsavory reputation, and bread and oleo excite very different emotions from the familiar and homely words bread and butter.

The revelations which are occasionally made of the actual nature of the sugar and coffee and other condiments and spices, and even necessaries, which are sold in the New York market, suggest an uneasy suspicion that some tricks may be played with exported butter and cheese. The land of the wooden nutmeg and of the artificial ham would certainly seem to Sir Lepel Griffin capable of adulterating even the homely cheese. Let us hope that the result of the proposed investigation will not be such as to gratify that stern censor of a not wholly perfect America.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The Republican Conference Committee which represents the Independent Republican movement in New York and other States is very actively and effectively at work. It represents a power which the old machines necessarily respect, however much they may detest it, and which will be a chief force in determining the nomination at Chicago. Its latest circular urges special attention to the primaries to prepare for the district and State conventions, to secure delegates who are in sympathy with the progressive spirit of the party, and it requests such communications, especially from doubtful States, as will enable the committee to lay before the National Convention authoritative expressions of Republican sentiment.

The committee say, with perfect truth:

> "It is universally recognized that success in New York State next fall is vital to Republican success in the country at large. The State *can* be carried by the Republicans if such candidates are chosen as will deserve to be elected, men whose names will be a warrant, beyond even the pledges of the best party platform, that the cause of administrative reform will be advanced till the separation of the public service from partisan politics is made final and complete. The State *can not* be carried by any candidate, whatever his popularity in certain districts, who has used, or who might, if elected, use, the patronage of office as a reward for personal or party service, or whose past record would put the party on the defensive, and compel a campaign of apology or vindication."

This statement, which will not be denied, will have great weight with the Convention, which will know that it proceeds from men who have always had the courage of their convictions, and who represent the spirit which produced the amazing result of the election of 1882 in New York.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, a journal which is edited by the chairman of the New York Republican Committee, says that the Independent Republicans are united in their determination not to vote for Democrats, although they have decided preferences among Republican candidates. If, however, from those Republican candidates some one should be selected who is peculiarly obnoxious to the Independent sentiment, and Governor Cleveland, for instance, should be nominated by the Democrats, the *Commercial* would certainly find that the Independent vote would not be unitedly cast for the obnoxious candidate. We say it certainly not as a threat, but as a truth. Practical politicians will coolly consider, not who can be nominated, but who can be elected, and in deciding that question they will carefully look at the facts. If the total vote of a State, for instance, is one million, so nearly divided between the parties that the Republican balance of power is held even by 10,000 voters, these voters must be secured if the party is to succeed. To foam at them as an impracticable minority seeking to dictate is a course curiously unbecoming to practical politicians. This, we have no doubt, is the wise view that will be taken by the Convention, and, if we are correct, a nomination will be made which will certainly unite all Republicans in their determination not to vote for Democrats.

FROM KHARTOOM.

The news from General Gordon at Khartoom is always a series of obscure reports, but there seems to be no doubt that he has been defeated in an engagement with the forces of El Mahdi, and that there was treachery among some of his commanders. It is reported also that the inhabitants of Khartoom remain friendly to him. But if the news as reported be correct, he must have lost his prestige, and the loss of that is the loss of all.

He went as a minister of peace, who was to succeed by wise concessions, and to pacify the Soudan without an army. But this report leaves him merely a defeated general who can hardly resume the part of benign pacificator. He must now succeed like other generals, and he has apparently no dependence but the wretched and cowardly Egyptians. The British operations upon the shore of the Red Sea are suspended by the intense heat. El Mahdi's lieutenant has been twice defeated by the British, and had Gordon succeeded in his battle, the British prestige would have been very strong.

But it is impossible to say how much has been actually accomplished, or what the issue of the complicated situation will be. The best-informed Englishmen in Egypt have little doubt that England must substantially control the country or withdraw altogether, and now that Mr. Gladstone is better, we may justly anticipate a statement of the general policy and expectation of the Government. Yet any fatal disaster to General Gordon might easily "precipitate a crisis" in the ministry, and even exclude from power the party and the leaders who are most friendly to Ireland, who would enlarge the franchise, and who detest a Jingo foreign policy.

VIVISECTION.

The question of vivisection has not awakened the same interest in this country as in England, where the current literature of the subject is very large, and many distinguished men and women have contributed to the discussion. Mr. Freeman, the historian, recently points out that physiology is the only branch of science which it has been found necessary to bring under the restraint of the law. The "scientific freedom" of the philologer or the astronomer is left absolutely free, but the scientific freedom of the physiologist has to be fettered by act of Parliament. "That is to say, in the pursuit of other studies there is no inherent danger of moral evil; in the pursuit of physiology there is."

The *Spectator*, commenting upon Mr. Freeman's letter, denies altogether the right to put animals to torture even in the confident hope of lessening human suffering. No humane man would torture another to obtain a remedy for the toothache. Why, then, a dog or a cat? Their lives are not as valuable, but their sufferings are just as severe, and count for even a larger proportion of their whole experience.

It is remarked also that the English clergy are, as a body, indifferent to the subject. A gentleman writes from Dublin that it "is not only that none, or hardly any of them, contributes to the funds of the society I have named, but I have never heard, and I have never met any one who has ever heard, a single sentence, in a single sermon, by either Roman Catholic or Protestant, inculcating mercy to animals, or pointing out the duty of endeavoring to mitigate their sufferings." Mr. Freeman's point is very strong, that the fact of the restraining law shows the great abuse of the power of subjecting animals to torture professedly to advance knowledge. It certainly does not advance humanity, and schools of experimental torture of domestic animals may very readily produce as much moral harm as scientific benefit.

PERSONAL.

The joke perpetrated upon Mr. Mark Twain on April-Fools' Day was entirely successful, and Mr. George W. Cable, of New Orleans, who conceived it, together with the one hundred and forty-nine other literary gentlemen who abetted it, may join hands with the historic Captain C. C. Duncan, of the *Innocents Abroad*, in manifestations of glee. Knowing Mr. Twain's special and oft-expressed horror of the autograph collector, they resolved to make one hundred and fifty simultaneous requests for his signature, and so to arrange matters that the requests should reach him on April-Fools' Day. The distinguished author is said to have uttered some emphatic remarks in his library at Hartford, beside the stacks of letters that hid the entire top of the large table.

—General W. W. Loring, of Egyptian celebrity, is one of four survivors of his battalion in the Texan revolution, when Texas obtained her freedom from Mexico. The Texans propose to have a grand celebration of their natal day this month at Austin, and General Loring expects to put in an appearance.

—A New York man of letters observes: "I am brought often into business relations with a man who offends me greatly. Without being in any respect personally distasteful to me, he has a way of putting his hand on my arm and slightly stroking it whenever he thinks he has a communication of importance to make. He is a good fellow, and I don't like to wound his feelings, but I shall be compelled to ask him to stop touching me. I fully appreciate Thackeray's condition when he was made so angry by the car conductor who had tapped him on the shoulder for his ticket. I don't think I am oversensitive, but I want Tom, Dick, and Harry to keep their hands off my person."

—A difference between the finest new houses in Boston and the finest new houses in New York—and a very interesting difference—is that while in the latter the custom is to call upon the professional decorators to finish the interior, in the former it is usual to let the architects of the edifices do the inside not less than the outside. "This is architect's work," a Bostonian will say, rather proudly, while showing you through his new house, implying that the results are in consequence more artistic and solid. Of course in New York also the same state of things exists in some instances—notably, perhaps, in such houses as those of Mr. C. T. Barney and Mr. W. J. Hutchinson—but it is much less common here than at the Hub.

—Edward Eggleston is ransacking the private libraries of Georgia for facts relating to the discovery and early settlement of America. His daughter, Miss Allegra Eggleston, who has done some excellent work in oil-painting, is probably the best wood-carver among American women. She has recently carved some superb panels representing scenes in Milton's "Lycidas," which will be exhibited this spring at one of the annual exhibitions.

—Justus H. Rudolph, an artist, owed a creditor $3000, and the latter kindly consented to make an arrangement by which Rudolph should paint for him one hundred oil pictures, at the rate of twenty a year. After painting seven pictures, Rudolph's eyesight failed him, and his creditor sued for breach of contract.

—Edmond About, as man of letters and journalist, has made a million of dollars by his novels, his essays, and, most of all, his newspaper.

—The dramatic critic of the leading daily journals of New York is a better man than he used to be. His ideal of personal behavior is higher. He no longer cherishes an ambition to sup with actors and actresses. He has a sense of responsibility to the public. He wishes to contract no social debts that must be met by newspaper puffery. He refuses to be under obligation to anybody. He holds himself free to be the unembarrassed mouth-piece of his convictions. It was not always so in "the good old days."

—Mr. Richard Grant White having asserted that a sense of humor is the rarest of qualities in woman, Miss Alice Wellington Rollins replies that "the rarest of all things is a woman without humor," and fortifies her statement by many references to classic and contemporaneous literature, "of course not intending to commemorate the women who have unconsciously made themselves ridiculous." If, however, Mr. White intended to say that few women have the *sense* of humor—the power of perceiving the humorousness of the things that they themselves say or do—"he is right, to a certain extent."

—Mr. Brander Matthews's brochure, *Documents in the Case*, in which he demonstrates that the cabled charge of plagiarism against his play, *Margery's Lovers*, was absolutely destitute of foundation, is unnecessary. Nobody who knew him was even tempted to believe the silly accusation, and if anybody who did not know him had been led into doing him that injustice, he has friends enough among the writers for the press to set the erring one straight.

—Karl Hillebrand: "Modern novels, though apparently differing as much from one another as Zola's from Howells's, have the same family feature—discontent with the world as it is. How morose at bottom are all the novels of George Eliot, in what one might call their key-note! how bitter Charlotte Brontë's! how infinitely sad Miss Poynter's *Among the Hills!* All great narrators of former times, from Homer to Cervantes, and from Chaucer to Walter Scott, unchain our hearts by their good-humor."

—Is smoking injurious to health? inquires a recent essayist. "Smoking is and is not injurious. In New England it has with truth been alleged that the thirst induced by it is an active incentive to alcoholic excess and its attendant evils. On the other hand, among Asiatic nations, the reverse holds good. Mr. Lane, the translator of the *Arabian Nights*, noticed while in the East that smoking appeared to possess a soothing effect, attended with slight exhilaration, and that it supplied the place of alcoholic beverages. It is to climate, temperament, and bodily constitution, acting and reacting upon each other, that we may trace so opposite an effect."

—Can it be said (asks a clever writer) that there is nothing in the newspapers, when advertisers are always to the fore, providing matter for admiration, wonder, amusement, or speculation?

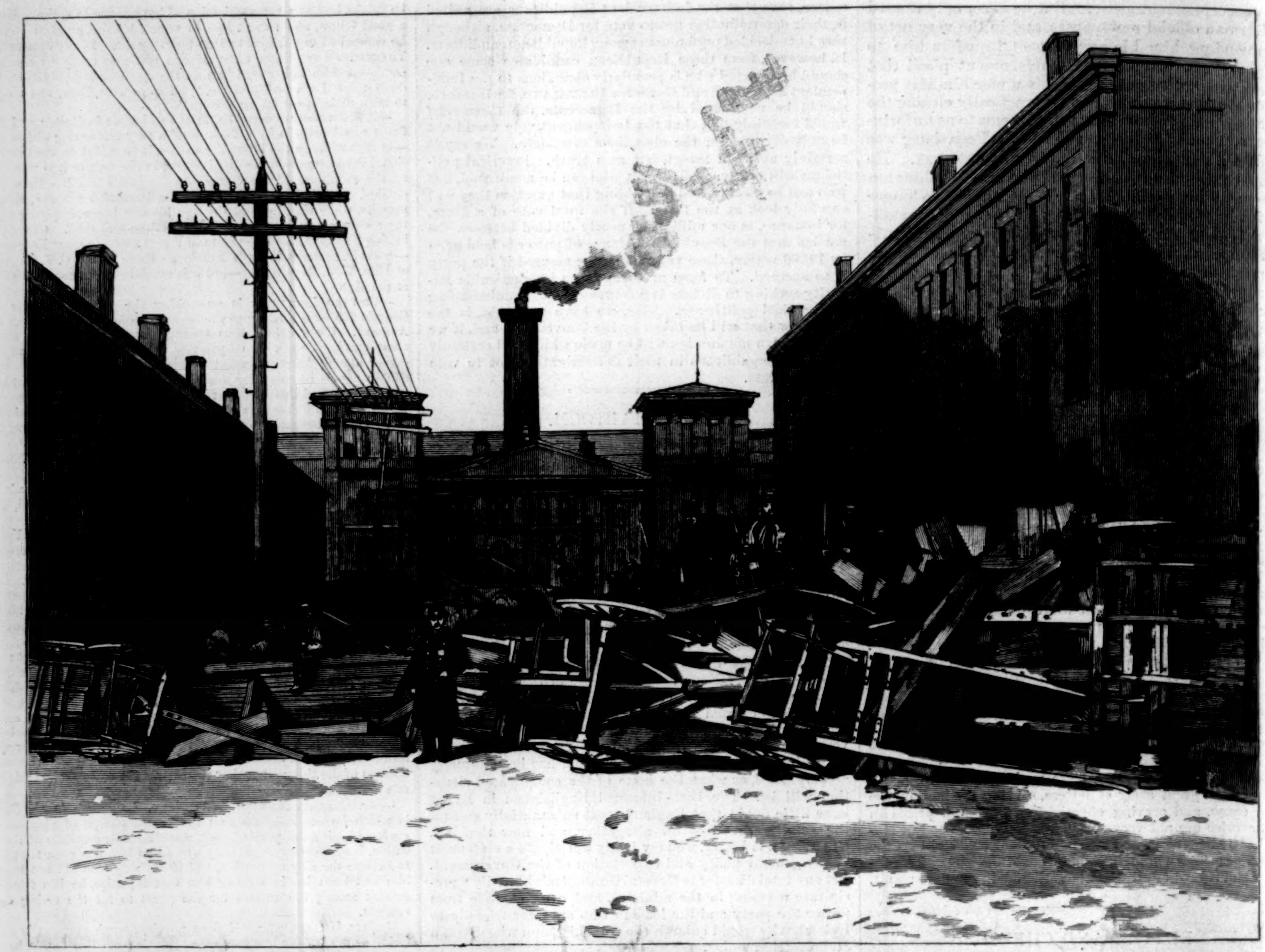
—General Beauregard, according to one of his friends, had, during the war, a great deal of the sanguine and excitable nature of a Frenchman; and this quality, together with his never-failing and always expressed belief that the course which he advocated would be followed by complete and overwhelming success, undoubtedly jarred upon the nerves of the elderly Anglo-Saxon military men, Davis, Lee, and Johnston, and created in their minds a feeling of distrust.

—"A very harmless type of autograph hunter is the 'sweet girl graduate,' whose scented missive takes wing from some suburban academy," says a late writer. "If you put your name on that harmless-looking little card with the bevelled gilt edges, you will bring the whole school down upon you within a month."

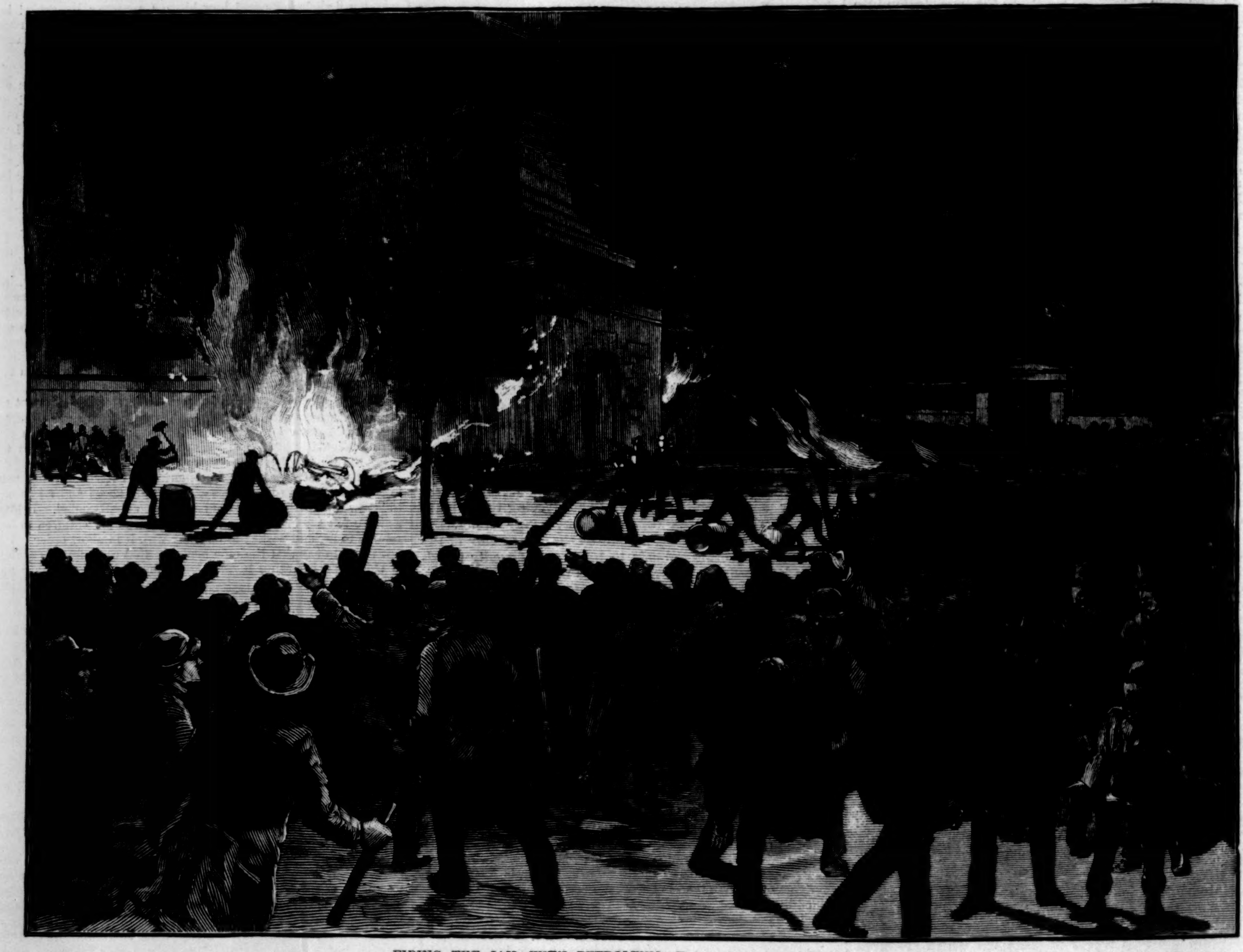
—Julian Hawthorne: "In America and Germany—but more in America than in Germany—children are urged and stimulated to 'grow up' almost before they have been short-coated. It looks as if we felt the innocence and naturalness of our children to be a rebuke to us, and wished to do away with it in short order. I do not mean to say that the only medicine that can cure this malady is children's literature of the right kind; wise parents are also very useful, though not, perhaps, so generally available. Children derive more genuine enjoyment and profit from a good book than most grown people are susceptible of: they see what is described, and themselves enact and perfect the characters of the story as it goes along."

—It is not perhaps generally known that New York has a veritable college of music, where there are no less than ten free endowments for pupils who evince remarkable talent, and are not able to pursue their studies without extraneous help. The distinguished leader Ernst Eberhardt has now systematically arranged at his Conservatory in Twenty-third Street a course of instruction combining all the improved methods of ancient and modern art, which is fully attainable free of charge to those who, by careful selection and subsequent training, seem capable of reaching the highest grade in their profession.

—There is a form of deception, observes a contemporaneous philosopher, with which so-called good-natured people, if they are good letter-writers, are not seldom associated. This is "drawing up" letters for their less-gifted acquaintances to copy and send out as their own. A girl of good family and large fortune was won over to accept for a husband a young gentleman of small means and not much principle mainly by the eloquent, poetical, very charming letters he addressed to her, nearly if not quite all of which were composed by a clever, brilliant friend who had never seen her. When the marriage proved very far from happy, and the real scribe had a wife and children of his own, we have reason to believe that he deeply regretted the part he had played in deluding a confiding girl.

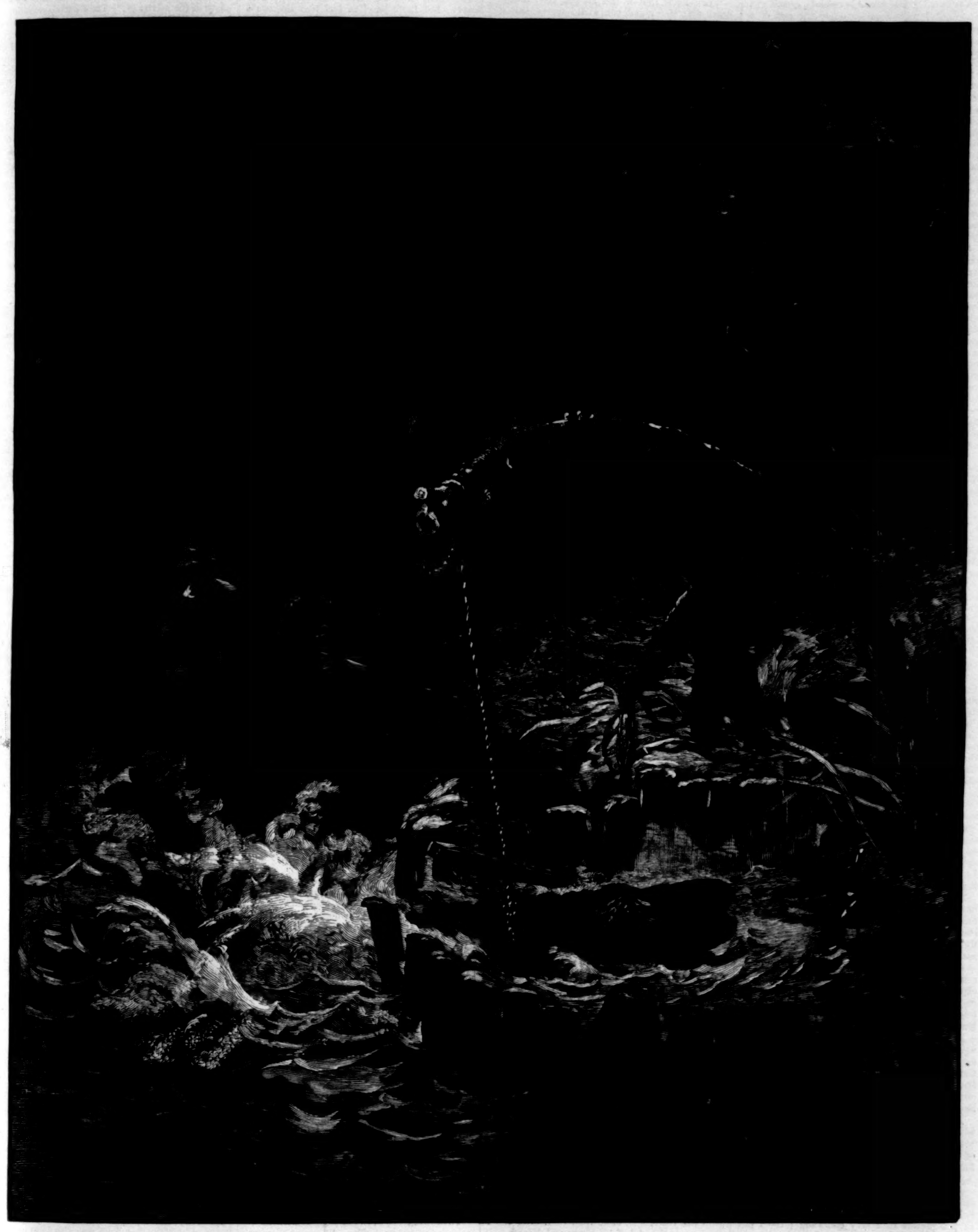


BARRICADE ON COURT AND CANAL STREETS.—Photographed by Rombach & Gröne.



FIRING THE JAIL WITH PETROLEUM.—From a Sketch by F. H. Farny.

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.—[See Page 241.]



AN ALLIGATOR TRAP.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

CATCHING ALLIGATORS.

Although I had gone on many an alligator hunt, of which the object was the killing of these hideous saurians, either for their teeth and hides, or for the purpose of ridding some locality of a pest, I had never assisted in the capturing of one alive, nor had I until very recently any idea of how such captures were effected. Full-grown alligators of from eight to twelve feet in length are common enough in "zoos" and menageries, and in Florida nearly every curiosity shop is provided with a tank in which good-sized specimens are kept and exhibited as advertisements. In regard to these the majority of visitors who have given the subject any consideration whatever have vaguely imagined that they were captured when very young, and allowed to attain their present size in captivity. Some such impression that had lingered in my own mind was thoroughly dispelled one bright January morning as I walked along Bay Street in Jacksonville. Before the doors of one of the many curiosity shops something that excited the lively curiosity of a great crowd of people was being unloaded from a cart. The something proved to be an immense alligator, the largest, as I was afterward told, ever captured alive, measuring thirteen feet four inches from the end of his ugly snout to the tip of his tail, and weighing a trifle over eight hundred pounds.

He was so bound with ropes as to be perfectly helpless, and a gang of stout negroes lifted him from the cart, and carried him to the tank fitted for his reception at the rear of the shop, as they would a great log of wood. In this case the reptile had most evidently not been caught young and brought up by hand, for he bore many marks of a recent violent struggle, and a wiry little old man in torn and muddy clothes, who directed his transfer from cart to tank, was pointed out to me as the captor, and also as the most successful alligator-hunter in Florida. In personal appearance this man was so insignificant that it seemed impossible that any of the stories told of him could be true. He was nearly seventy years of age, so small and spare that his weight could not have been over a hundred and twenty pounds, and he had the sallow, colorless complexion peculiar to the "poor whites," or "crackers," of Florida. Although he had the reputation of being very taciturn upon all matters relating to his business, and the exploits which he regarded in a most matter-of-fact light, upon this occasion he was so elated over the success of this his most notable capture that for once his tongue was loosed, and after the trophy of his skill was safely lodged in its tank, and the crowd had dispersed, I succeeded in drawing from him the following facts:

"Wa'al, mister, long's youm ain't in the business, nor likely to go into it on your own account, I don't mind telling yer how big 'gators is caught. Some fellers makes traps; like ez not you've seen 'em in some of the creeks puttin' in from the St. John's. They drives a ring of stout stakes in the water, clus to the bank, with an opening to one side. On the side nearest the bank they bends down a sapling with a noose to the end of it, an' jest inside the noose, in the water, they fixes a bait that 'll spring the sapling when it's teched. That yanks the 'gator's head up in the yair, an' afore he can git clar they has him bound fast with ropes. That ain't my way, though. Hit's too much work a-fixing of the trap; you has ter wait too long a-watchin' fer the 'gators to come along an' stick ther snouts into it, an' then they'm too all-fired lively with ther tails, when ther heads is cotched, to suit me. Sometimes I fixes a noose on to the end of a spring sapling acrost a runway when it comes handy, an' I've cotched a right smart of 'em that ar way too; but I ginerally goes fer 'em in ther holes, an' digs 'em out.

"You know 'gators allus has holes clus in under the bank. They begins in the water; but a leetle back they kinder raises, so's when he's in, he's half outen the water an' half in. Soon's cool weather comes on, 'long in December, theym gits into ther holes an' lies thar quiet like, 'cept on bright warm days, when they come out an' suns. A curus thing is that they allus goes in backwards, an' lies with their noses p'intin' towards the opening. Wa'al, 'long in the fall I watches the 'gators putty clus, an' spots ther runways an' places whar they'm mos' likely to make holes; so by time cool weather sots in I has a dozen or twenty marked. Then when I wants a 'gator I goes fur him an' digs him out.

"How do I manage hit? Why hit's easy 'nuff when you knows how. I usen to take Mandy, my boy, along; but he's got big 'nuff now to go huntin' fer hissef, so I goes alone mos' ginerally. I cotched that thar feller all alone. Not a soul seed him twel I had him tied up an' ready fer market. When I had Mandy along he usen to punch a fence rail into ther hole, an' into ther 'gator's mouth. 'Gator'd grab it, an' hang on like death, an' never let up on his holt long's yer kep' movin' ther rail a leetle. While he was kep' busy an' amoosed like that ar way, I'd dig down into him, an' fust thing he'd know I'd hev a rope round his head an' fore-paws. Then I'd dig along back twel I'd git to his hind-paws an' git 'em tied up. But look out fer his tail! When he gits that ar loose, thar's gwine ter be fun, an' mud's gwine ter fly, you bet!

"Yes, sir, this yere feller give me a tussle. Mandy warn't along, an' I tackled him all alone. When I first jabbed the rail down his throat he begun to yank his head this side an' that, twel I 'lowed I was the tail-end of a threshin' machine. But I hung on, an' kep' a-proddin' of him, kase I 'lowed he mought taken it into his head to come outen. When he begun fer to back, I begun fer to dig, an' 'twarn't more than three hours afore I had him dug outen thar, and tied up snug as yer please.

"Yas, 'gators is mighty peart with ther tails; but they can't do nothin' much with their jaws. Them's their weak p'int. Why, sir, I kin cotch that thar 'gator by the end of his jaws with my han's, when hit's mouth's shet, an' hold hit shet spite of all he kin do; but keep outen the way of his tail, fer yer mought jes as well hev a cannon-ball strike yer.

"Does cotching 'gators pay? Wa'al, ef a man 'tends to business, he kin make livin' wages at hit. I got twenty-five dollars fer this yere feller, an' prices range 'cordin' to size—so much a foot ginerally—'bout a dollar to a dollar and a half a foot, fer anything five foot long an' over.

"Little ones? Them I cotches by the hundred in scoop-nets, or digs 'em outen 'long with their mammy. They fotches 'bout a quarter apiece when trade's good. Mos' folkses hain't no idee how to care fer 'em when they gets 'em, an' bimeby they dies outen sheer starvation. You'm got to feed 'em like they was young kittens, and feed 'em in the water. They won't eat nothin' 'less they kin put their heads under water. Feed 'em on bits of raw meat, and put hit right clus to ther noses so's they kin smell hit. They can't find nothin' fer theirselfs ef you throw hit into the water.

"Skins an' teeth? No, ther hain't much doing in them now. Since you Yankee fellers has got to making celluloid teeth and imitation 'gator leather, prices is 'way down; 'bout thirty-five or forty cents is all the hunter gits fer prime hides, nothin' taken less than seven foot long nuther."

Before I left the old hunter he had agreed to send me word when he discovered another exceptionally large alligator, and promised to show me how to "jab" a fence rail down its throat in a manner that would induce him to "hang on an' keep him amoosed."

After keeping the big alligator in a tank for a week or so, and thereby attracting many customers to his shop, the curiosity man sold him to a travelling showman for seventy-five dollars, and Mr. 'Gator is now being exhibited to admiring crowds in the smaller towns of the Southern States.

The curiosity man wishes me to say that he will furnish good healthy alligators, sound in wind and limb, boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and of any size under ten feet long, for two dollars per lineal foot. **Kirk Munroe.**

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Harry Bavant sat in his London hotel gazing at the picture of a very charming girl—a girl with hair of the lovely Titian shade, and a pleasant way of reddening like the morning under her golden veil. In fact, every one who saw the lighting up of this fair face behind the warm drooping curls, decided that Arabella Kester was a beauty.

But this night, if Harry's thoughts were of love, Arabella's were of laces and ribbons. Her mother sat watching her among them, turning nervously in her fingers, as she did so, a letter. This letter necessarily came within Arabella's vision, but it did not occur to her that it could be connected with her affairs. Therefore, when Mrs. Kester said, "Bella, I want to speak to you about this letter," she looked up with surprise.

"Whom is it from, mamma?"

"Harry Bavant."

"Oh!"

"Oh!—Is that all you have to say? He asks to come here, and you ought to feel delighted."

"Why? I have not any remembrance of him—except as a great awkward boy, whose freckles I despised."

"You know that it has always been understood that Harry and you would marry, and if your poor dear father had not gone—gone to a better place—he would insist on your keeping the contract with Harry."

"A boy-and-girl contract!—nobody keeps such things, mamma."

"Only a year ago you allowed your picture to be taken for him. Come, come, Bella, you were seventeen then."

"But at Newport last summer I saw people a great deal nicer than Harry."

"How can you know that? You have not seen Harry since he was fourteen, and then you were only eight. You have forgotten him."

"Why did he never send me his likeness? Of course because he is ugly. Handsome men always keep a case of photographs to give away. Augustus Meyer did. He was always handing them round."

"Augustus Meyer! Bella, I am really ashamed of you."

"Mamma dear, don't, if you please, spoil my pleasure with this old skeleton of an engagement. I am going to Aunt Lucy's, and I intend to forget Harry in a dozen handsomer people."

"Then, Arabella, if you will not be influenced by honor, I must ask you to consider your *interest*. The Bavant estate has a heavy mortgage on our property. Old Silas Bavant and your father loved each other, and there were few words about it after the loan. 'The youngsters will marry,' he said, 'and all we have will be theirs.' Your father and Silas Bavant are both dead, but nothing has been done for the release of Kester. I suppose Harry could call in the mortgage and interest any day if he chose."

"And I am to be looked upon as principal and interest! No, mamma; I would not marry Harry on any account now."

"That is mean of you, Bella, for he has never said one word about the mortgage. Besides, I heard that he has also inherited from an uncle whom he had never seen a vast estate in Louisiana, or Mexico—I can't remember clearly, but some out-of-the-way place. It was his mother's brother, I think, or else his—"

"Never mind who, mamma; it makes no difference to me. Here, kiss me, and come upstairs and see Désirée pack my trunks. We won't have Harry Bavant spoil our last evening."

Mamma yielded, and among trunks and toilets, and then over their cup of tea, Arabella easily turned the current of their conversation away from Harry Bavant. "I don't suppose you will like Aunt Lucy, Bella; but she entertains nice people, and your cousins Jessie and Agnes are—well enough, considering. They won't like you, dear — they have mouse-colored hair and weak eyes—but they will pretend to, and that answers very well. I hope you will have a real good time; indeed I do."

"Thank you, mamma."

"If you really thank me, Bella, just read Harry's letter some time. See, I will slip it in among your laces. I want you to understand what a manly, outspoken message he sends you."

Arabella made a little grimace, but promised, and so the argument for Mr. Bavant closed.

About the same hour next evening Miss Kester and her maid and her trunks arrived at a large mansion on New York's most aristocratic avenue. Her aunt and cousins met her with evident pleasure. She had come in a fortunate hour, for both Agnes and Jessie had just been acknowledged betrothed maidens.

If ever a woman is amiable, it is when talking over her own love affairs, and as Bella listened sympathetically to her cousins, they were quite willing to acknowledge her beauty, and quite eager to be really kind to "the pretty little thing." So they took her to operas, balls, and dinners, and gave her splendid entertainments at their own house, and Bella thoroughly enjoyed it all.

But after three months of constant amusement and adulation she began to feel the very extravagance of her pleasure monotonous. She was half inclined one day to write to mamma and ask to be sent for home. One ball was just like another ball, and fine ladies and gentlemen were all cut after the same pattern. In this querulous mood Désirée said something about her laces, and Bella walked to her wardrobe to examine them. She lifted the crumpled tulles and sets, one by one, and at the bottom of the drawer lay a letter.

Harry's letter, of course. She had forgotten it until it stared at her in that complaining way. "Get what you think best, Désirée." And so she dismissed her laces, and lifting Harry's letter, sat down to read it. It was a noble letter. Amid all the charms of Europe, in his travels through Tartary, China, India, and the fallen cities of Africa, he had kept her memory pure and fresh in his heart. His boyish love had strengthened with his years, and, more than ever, little Bella Kester was the idol of his hopes and dreams.

In her present mood this letter touched Bella strangely. "I tire of a lover in a month," she said. "How is it that Harry has liked me for more than ten years? I really think I should like to see him again."

Just here Agnes interrupted her reverie. "Cousin Bella, mamma says you must really try and go to Madame Rives's. She has sent an urgent dissent from your refusal."

"Very well; I will go. I have not worn my maize silk yet, and I may as well show it once. I think I shall return home next week."

While this decision was being made, Madame Rives was discussing its probability with her grandnephew, a fine-looking man, who smiled at his aunt's anxiety to introduce to him the belle of the season, but who, it was easy to see, desired, for some reason or other, to meet her. Bella meant this to be her last appearance, and she was determined that her exit should be a brilliant one. Fortunately the new maize silk had in it an untried charm. Désirée had held up her hands in dismay at its union with Bella's peculiar style of beauty; but Bella liked to feel that she could dare an unusual toilet, and triumph over it.

"Would not mademoiselle at least soften the effect with white tulle?"

No; she was tired to death of white and blue; she had studied the clouds at sunset, and she knew what combinations were possible and effective.

So it came to pass that night that every one wondered wherein lay the charm of Arabella's beauty. It lay in the shimmering silk that clothed her in the hue of sunshine, and in the great masses of scarlet japonicas and carnations, which gave to this luminous drapery and to her bright golden hair the warm splendor of a tropic noon.

Madame was delighted with her appearance. She had fixed on this young girl for her grandnephew's wife, and she was grateful to her for doing such credit to her taste and judgment.

"This is my long-absent nephew, Mr. Fontaine," she said, proudly, leading Bella up to that gentleman.

Bella had passed scathless through many an introduction, but this time she was smitten. She quite lost her self-possession, trembled, and yet longed to meet again the dark, handsome eyes which had stolen away her heart. It was evidently a case of mutual attraction, and Mr. Fontaine in many a pleasant way made Bella aware of this during the next few days. She was sorry now that she had announced her intention of returning home, but was still immensely consoled by a whispered request from Mr. Fontaine to visit her within a short time at Kester.

During the journey home she made up her mind that under no circumstances whatever would she now marry Harry Bavant. In Mr. Fontaine she had met her ideal, and she was determined to be faithful to it. Mrs. Kester made a holiday of Bella's return, and there were many confidential chats between mother and daughter, but in none of them did Bella name Mr. Fontaine. If he kept the promise of his eyes and lips, her mother would soon hear from him; if not, she wanted no explanation and no sympathy.

In a few days Mrs. Kester came to Bella one afternoon with an open letter in her hand. Bella was practicing, and she bent toward her music with an air of enthusiastic study, but with a beating heart and flushing cheeks. *The letter*, of course: Mr. Fontaine had written, doubtless, to ask her mother's permission to visit Kester.

"Arabella."

"Yes, mamma dear."

"Here is a letter—such a delightful letter—from Harry."

There was a confused jingling of flats and sharps, and a little annoyed shrug of Bella's pretty shoulders. Her eyes were dim with tears. For a moment she could not speak.

"He is coming here, he says—let me see what day," and the handsome little widow turned the letter inquisitively.

Bella rose from the piano, and coming to her mother's side, looked over the letter with her.

"'*Dear mamma*'! What impudence! How can you suffer such an address?"

"Nonsense, Bella! He always called me 'Mamma Kester.' He never knew his own mother, poor fellow!"

"And '*Yours affectionately, Harry*'! Mamma, I am quite sure I never could respect such a familiar young man. I don't want him to come here, mamma. I shall like some one else much better."

"Perhaps you *do* like some one else better."

"Perhaps I do. I am sure Harry had better not come. Write and say so, mamma."

"Indeed, miss, I will do nothing of the kind. I like Harry. He will always be welcome in my house."

Mrs. Kester turned angrily away, and Bella went to her own room sorely disappointed. But she was a girl of resources. This Harry Bavant had shown himself, in that one letter she had read from him, romantically self-denying and chivalrous. Why not write and tell him the truth? She had noticed that his letter was addressed from a well-known hotel in Philadelphia. The plan was worth thinking over, and the result of an hour's thought was the following note:

"Mr. Bavant,—I think it is best to be quite sincere with you. I have not the slightest wish to renew, on the basis you wish, our acquaintance of ten years ago, and I ask you to spare me the annoyance of telling you this personally. Of course mamma knows nothing of this appeal to your generosity, and I hope you will be able to pursue such a course as will not further embarrass me. I am really sorry to write in this way, but sincerity is always best at the last.

"Arabella Kester."

Then she sealed it, and dispatched Désirée with it to the village post-office. "I might have written a nicer letter; but then, if I had said one kind word, he would have ventured on it. Give lovers an inch, and they'll take half the circumference of the world." And with such reflections Bella satisfied herself.

The next evening she said, "Mamma, have you written yet to Mr. Bavant?"

"Oh, Bella, I forgot; you know the Baileys have been here all day; but I will do it at once."

"I dare say he is already offended at your delay."

Mrs. Kester deigned no reply to this suggestion at that time, but two days afterward she said, in a voice of peculiar annoyance, "It really seems as if you were right, Bella; here is a most extraordinary letter from Harry, and the long and the short of it is that 'he thinks perhaps he had better not trespass on Miss Bella with the worn-out claim of so old an attachment.' I think his behavior is simply disgraceful, and—"

"Never mind, mamma. I dare say he has seen some other girl, or else he expected us to go with a great company to meet him, or perhaps he has heard of the mortgage." Then Bella's conscience hurt her, and she began to try and persuade Mrs. Kester that Harry's course was best for all.

It was not a thing easy to do. Women of forty do not see events with the eyes of eighteen. The connection had been in every way desirable, and she really liked Harry; and then the unexplained annoyance of his sudden coolness. Upon the whole, the mother felt it a very mysterious and vexing affair.

Bella was not altogether satisfied with herself, especially as the weeks went on and no word came from Mr. Fontaine. "Perhaps, after all, it might have been well to have been on with the new love before she was off with the old." But she never gave such thoughts a minute's grace; they were treason to that splendid, fickle lover who still filled her heart and her imagination.

The remainder of the winter passed rather drearily away, and Bella did not find the spring as pleasant as poets say it is. It was late and cold and wet; she went little out, and on the plea of "not feeling very well," sat in her own room and brooded over her disappointment, until she really looked sufficiently pale and languid for the most love-sick maiden.

This was the second phase of her misfortune; she was rather glad of her delicate, frail aspect. If Mr. Fontaine should meet her now, he would at least see that she had suffered from his falsehood. For the summer days were coming, and it was not improbable they might meet at Newport. Madame Rives had a cottage there, and, if not gone abroad again, her nephew would of course visit her. This hope enabled Bella to take the proper interest in the preparation of her costumes, and they reached Newport rather early in the season.

Bella had reasons for being early on the ground: among others, it would give her more opportunities for cultivating Madame Rives's friendship. But though madame had been so demonstrative in her affection only a few months before, she was now only coldly courteous. Bella had often been a little impatient with her mother's worry and wonder about Harry Bavant's sudden coolness; now Mrs. Kester had ample opportunities of returning her indifference with regard to Madame Rives's sudden coolness.

One morning Mrs. Kester went out early to make some purchases, and staid much longer than Bella had anticipated. A strange, restless feeling took possession of her; she felt that some crisis in her life was approaching, but could not define its character. She went frequently to the windows, and, reversing the blinds, looked anxiously out. At last she saw Mrs. Kester coming down the road, walking very slowly, and talking with eager pleasure to—yes, she was sure of it—Mr. Fontaine.

Would he come in? She looked in her glass, and then anxiously at the couple, now standing at the gate. No; he bade Mrs. Kester good-morning, and strolled leisurely away toward Madame Rives's cottage. Bella's eyes were full of tears; she could scarcely bear to look upon her mother's radiant face.

"Bella! Bella! whom do you think I met?"

"*Whom?*" rather crossly.

"I met Harry—dear Harry. He was just as kind and fond of me as ever, and so handsome!"

"Was that 'Harry' that walked with you to the gate?"

"Certainly it was. He says I must call him Fontaine now. Indeed, he looked very queerly at me when I called him Bavant; says he had to take his uncle's name with the estate; thought I knew it. There's a whole parish, or town, or something or other, called Fontaine."

"Oh, never mind that, mamma. Do you really mean that Harry Bavant and Harry Fontaine are the same person?"

"Just the same, dear. Harry is just the same handsome, frank fellow he always was. Called me 'mamma' just as he used to do."

Bella had nothing more to say. She was made utterly miserable by the thoughts that crowded on her. She begged to be left alone, and then, burying her face in her pillow, began to think over everything in its worst light. She who loved Harry so well had absolutely written to request him not to come and see her. What would he think of her writing at all to him? It *was* an unladylike thing to do, and she had been sorely punished for it. And then, too, he must think her only a silly flirt, for certainly she had let him see that his attentions were pleasant to her; and she had really been so true to him! Oh dear! what should she do? Write again? That could not be thought of. She really believed she would die of grief and mortification.

But while the poor girl was thus sobbing out her distress, a new hope had come into her lover's heart. If Mrs. Kester did not know that Harry Bavant and Harry Fontaine were identical, it was most likely that Bella was also ignorant, and that dreadful letter could be explained on grounds very flattering to him. It did not take him long to put a few important facts together.

"Aunt," he said, excitedly, coming into madame's morning-room, "I have just met Mamma Kester, and she did not know that I had changed my name. I thought you had written and explained everything the day Bella left New York."

Madame pushed some papers about nervously.

"Harry, to tell the truth, I did half write the letter, and then your cousin Lamont and her children came to pay me a week's visit, and I forgot it until the following day. Then I said to myself, 'What is the difference? Harry is going there, and I shall only spoil a pretty surprise.'"

"But I did not go at once; I was detained by business in Philadelphia. I thought you had written, and merely wrote to announce my visit. by return I received Miss Bella's cool request not to come."

"But why did you not sign yourself Fontaine?"

"I wrote to Mrs. Kester: to her I had always been 'Harry,' and I was afraid she would think me eager to forget the good old name, or else ambitious of bringing to the front my new estates and importance. You see, aunt, I was in a peculiar position for a modest man."

"Well, I don't take any blame to myself, Harry. I was always against your deceiving Bella. A straight line in love as well as in geometry is decidedly best. I have not forgotten how you asked me leading questions about Miss Kester, and how you allowed me to introduce to you as a perfect stranger a young lady whom you had selected for your wife when she was in short frocks and ankle-tights. If your little plans have gone a-gley, Harry, you deserve it, sir."

"Suppose I go *at once*, aunt, and explain things to Bella?"

"I dare say the little darling has been sobbing herself sick with annoyance. How can you expect her to rush to an explanation with a headache and red eyes? I should wait until this evening, if I were you."

Harry thought over this advice about three minutes, then put on his hat and went straight to Mrs. Kester's. The next scene in the little drama was Désirée standing beside Bella with Mr. Fontaine's card in her hand, on which was pencilled an urgent request for an interview. Bella raised her tumbled, bright little head from among her pillows, read the eager words, and made a rapid step to the looking-glass. Meanwhile Désirée was explaining the merits of the white mull morning dress, and Bella saw the possibilities of the case at once.

Désirée estimated rightly; the snowy mull with its soft lace trimmings and pale pink bows set off admirably the careless coils of Bella's bright hair and the tender dewy beauty of her violet eyes. Harry went mentally down on his knees before this beautiful, half-reproachful vision, and said a great many more abject things of himself than there was any occasion for. But it was easy for a man to imagine himself a dreadful culprit with Bella's sorrowful little face beside him. However, after two hours' conversation he got partially through his confession, and Bella tremblingly began hers.

Two more hours passed away, and she had been so often interrupted by Harry that it was determined to defer the rest of the explanation until evening; but somehow the affair grew so tangled that it never was unravelled until the following Christmas-eve, when the happy marriage bells rung out, and Harry and Bella had forevermore but one life and one heart.

VIRGINIA FUN AND FROLIC IN THE REVOLUTION.

Our American historians seem oppressed by the "dignity of the subject," more especially when they come to the Revolution. The men and events of the time are treated from the grandiose, not the familiar, point of view; and yet this familiar and intimate view would be better. Every-day life is largely comedy, and it is every-day life which we wish to see, in order to understand the drama and the actors.

There is a great deal of comedy in the old Virginia annals. The society was a merry and careless one, determined, apparently, on enjoying life, and this propensity to fun and frolic breaks out in a thousand directions. It even appears in grave historical narratives. Those of Bacon's rebellion, the sternest of tragedies, overflow with grotesque humor; and the writings of Colonel Byrd, of Westover, are all ablaze with *jeux d'esprit*. Life, in fact, seems to have been easy and happy in these "good old times." Care seemed to keep away from it, and to stand out of its sunshine. The whole population of Virginia, from the sea-board to the western mountains, was apparently bent on enjoying itself, and driving away the enemy *ennui*. At Williamsburg the "Virginia Comedians" are acting comedies at the old theatre near the Capitol, the youths of the college are fighting cocks and playing tricks on the authorities; and at night the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern resounds with violins, which we hear still in the comic letters of no less a personage than Mr. Thomas Jefferson, subsequently President of the United States, elected from "Devilsburg."

The frolic instinct of the time breaks out in the queerest diversions. In the "Old Field near Captain Bickerton's in Hanover" there are to be held on a certain day festivities of every description. There is first to be a horse-race, that darling sport of the Virginians; then a hat is to be cudgelled for; next, twenty fiddlers are to contend for a new fiddle, and at the end of the contest they are "all to play together, and each a different tune." After this ear-splitting ceremony twelve boys are to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings; a quire of ballads is to be sung for by the maidens present; a pair of silver shoe-buckles are to be wrestled for; and the prettiest girl on the ground is to receive a pair of handsome silk stockings of the value of a pistole. This is toward the middle of the century. A generation afterward the Virginians are still enjoying themselves. At Norfolk the good people celebrate the "anniversary of St. Tammany, the tutelar saint of the American colonies." This saint, who is popularly supposed to be of Northern origin and residence, is evidently a Southern saint also. In his honor a salute of twenty-one cannon thunders, and the "sons of the saint" give a grand entertainment—a ball, which is opened by "one of our burgesses, accoutred in the ancient habit of this country"—leggings, moccasins, war-paint, and all. It is an occasion of the fullest enjoyment. The "fair bosoms of the ladies" are "animated with a generous love of their country"; and at four in the morning the sons of St. Tammany "encircled their king, and practiced the ancient mysterious war-dance." After which grotesque ceremony the sons of the saint disperse.

This is on tide-water. On the border, in the Shenandoah Valley, the same mirth marks the times. The lower valley was settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and German Lutherans, and these good people break out into the wildest frolics on occasions. When a wedding takes place the young men "run for the bottle," that proceeding being a steeple-chase toward the house of the bride, where a ribbon-decked bottle of rum rewards the foremost. At the wedding the groomsmen are "decorated with badges and white aprons beautifully embroidered," and wait on the bride. Their chief duty is to see that her slipper is not stolen from her foot. If any one succeeded in drawing it off, the groomsmen forfeited a bottle of wine, and the bride could not dance until it was restored. A primitive ceremony wound up the evening, which the old border historian thus describes: "When the bride and groom were bedded the young people were admitted into the room. A stocking rolled into a ball was given to the young females, who, one after the other, would go to the foot of the bed, stand with their backs toward it, and throw the stocking over their shoulders at the bride's head, and the first that succeeded in touching her cap or head was the next to be married. The young men then threw the stocking at the groom's head in like manner, with the like motive. Hence the utmost eagerness and dexterity were used in throwing the stocking. This practice, as well as that of stealing the bride's shoe, was common to all the Germans."

These good father-land customs are pleasant to read of, but at times the fell demon of contention intruded on the peaceful scene. One would scarcely suppose that the grave and serious Scotch-Irish Presbyterians would engage in these scenes full of the most grotesque comedy, or rather say farce. The stage was the little border capital of Winchester, where the population largely consisted of Dutch and Irish. Let worthy old Samuel Keicheral, the historian of the valley, describe what he actually witnessed: "It was customary for the Dutch on St. Patrick's Day to exhibit the effigy of the saint with a string of Irish potatoes around his neck, and his wife, Sheeley, with her apron loaded also with potatoes. This was always followed by a riot. The Irish resented the indignity offered to their saint and his holy spouse, and a battle followed. On St. Michael's Day the Irish would retort, and exhibit the saint with a rope of sour-krout about his neck. Then at it they went pell-mell, and many a black eye, bloody nose, and broken head was the result. The author recollects seeing one of these riots since the war of the Revolution."

Coming back to the tide-water, we find the same traits of comedy everywhere and in all classes of society. The life of the old manor-houses habitually assumed a humorous phase, and the planters were fond of their jests. Even the gravest statesmen of the Revolution had this spirit of fun, which blazed out in *bonmots*. That practical man of genius, Thomas Jefferson, was full of it; his published letters will show it; and Benjamin Harrison jested, as he was signing the Declaration of Independence, as to his and Elbridge Gerry's chances when they came to be hung. Even George Mason, the grave author of the Virginian Bill of Rights, one of the "saddest and severest" of men, had his humorous moments. When he was an old man he offered for Congress in Stafford, and Dick ——, one of his neighbors, said that Colonel Mason was acting prudently: he was not offering himself in the county where he resided, as the people there knew that his mind was failing. Mason's retort was trenchant. It was true he was old, he said, and his mind might not be as strong as in former days. "But Dick —— has one consolation," he added: "when *his* mind fails him, *nobody will ever discover it*."

The "parsons" and "New Light preachers" of the time play parts in the comedy. They satirize and jest at each other, and thump their pulpits or declaim in the fields, in a manner more amusing than devout. As the parsons were the more numerous and prominent, we know more of them, and they appear in many odd scenes. Even that grave and holy man, Parson James Blair, the first president of William and Mary College, had a great deal of the humorously combative spirit of Luther. He laughed at as well as stoutly fought his adversaries. One of these was Governor Nicholson, who fell wildly in love with Miss Burwell, of Williamsburg, persecuted her with his unwelcome attentions, and swore he would put to death three persons—his favored rival, the justice who granted the license, and the parson who married them. Good Parson Blair laughed him to scorn. He preferred charges against him in London, had him deposed, and returned to Virginia in triumph. Of other parsons many amusing stories are told. One of them made a personal assault on his assembled vestry, pulled the hair of one of the astounded old nabobs in ruffles and powder, received a "black eye" himself, but appeared in his pulpit on the next Sunday with a patch over his eye, and preached from the text, "And I contended with them, and *smote certain of them, and plucked out their hair*."

Bishop Meade is authority for this queer incident, and others of a similar character are found in the old records. The worthy parsons acted and expressed themselves without ceremony. One of them wrote to England in favor of a Virginia bishop, which was greatly needed. If none was sent, he added, it would "make hell tremble." And excellent Parson Thurston, when he was insulted during the performance of his holy functions by a layman present, stripped off his black gown, exclaimed, "Lie there, Divinity, while I thrash Rascality," and silenced his adversary by the carnal weapon, his fist.

This mirth, high spirits, courage, and genius for retort is seen as plainly in the women and girls and boys. When Tarleton, who had been defeated and pursued by Colonel Washington, said that he would be "happy to see Colonel Washington," the lady whom he thus taunted replied, "If you had *looked behind you* at the Cowpens you would have enjoyed that pleasure." And many other stories are told showing the same tendency to fun and satire. One of these relates also to Tarleton. He had plundered a homestead, and carried off all the fowls but an aged drake, when the indignant lady of the house mounted a negro boy on a horse with the drake slung at his back, directing him to go to Colonel Tarleton, present her compliments, and say that there was "something which he had forgotten."

When the dire edict of the Burgesses went forth that no more tea must be used in Virginia, after the closing of Boston port, the ladies acquiesced, but did so with humorous sorrow. The sorrow and patriotism both appear in the poetry of the period. It was fearful to be deprived of their tea-cups, but no good Virginian could thenceforth use the hateful commodity. Read "A Lady's Adieu to her Tea Table," in the *Virginia Gazette*:

"Farewell to the Tea Board, with its gaudy equipage
Of Cups and Saucers, Cream Bucket, Sugar Tongs;
The pretty Tea Chest also, lately stored
With Hyson, Congo, and best Double Fine.
Full many a joyous moment have I sat by ye,
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal,
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at maybe nothing.
No more shall I dish out the once loved liquor,
Because I'm taught, and I believe it true,
Its use will fasten slavish chains upon my country."

The young lady who produced this "effusion" must have been very pretty, since she wrote so badly; but one can see that she was in earnest—that the girls must tattle, the old maids talk scandal, and the coxcombs simper henceforth without their tea.

These mirthful maidens made determined patriots. When Lord Cornwallis raided through Hanover, Mrs. Nelson buckled on the sword-belt of her boy of sixteen with her own hands, and sent him to Lafayette; and when some British soldiers burst into a Virginia manor-house, brewed punch in the great family punch-bowl, and with drawn swords ordered a young lady of the establishment to kneel and drink "Success to Cornwallis," she knelt, caught the glass in her hand, and defiantly exclaimed, "Success to Washington!" The bowl is still preserved in the family as a relic of the old times. And the boys of the epoch were as gay and brave as the girls. They were not content to stay at home when the enemy appeared. Near Williamsburgh they formed a company of mere urchins, and marched, with drum beating, toward the bay, when a lady passed in her coach and recognized her two boys. They came at her call, yielding to nursery discipline, got into the coach, weeping and wailing, and were borne away from the field of Mars. But before the war ended they were with Washington at Trenton and Yorktown.

It is well now and then to recall these trifles of the past, which have a real historic significance, however much they may appear beneath the "dignity of history." They are very characteristic of a peculiar race, the Virginians, whose faults and virtues were and are all their own. The loyalist sentiment was very strong in this old population, but the jealousy of right was stronger. The Virginians of the Revolution were attached to monarchy and the Established Church, but they swept away both without hesitating when their personal rights were invaded. The spirit of the people was that of the motto of the Culpepper Minute-men, "Don't tread on me"; and when the fighting time came they met the ordeal with a gay courage which did not flag between Bunker Hill and Yorktown.

J. Esten Cooke.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

General Gordon and the Clubs.—The Railway Collie, Help.—Chester Grog.—Brown-Bread and Apples as a steady Diet.—The Ruling Passion.

A week ago there was not a dissentient voice raised against the national tribute to the merits of General Gordon, but now the mole Detraction has begun to work, and throw up its little mounds of dirt, as usual. This sort of thing generally begins in those homes of selfishness and skepticism, the clubs; and there you will now hear it asserted that Gordon is, after all, nothing so very extraordinary, and that any other man (the speaker, for instance), with power to remit taxes and relieve from oppression, would be received by the population, whether in the Soudan or anywhere else, with equal ardor. The sort of people who say this have not much sympathy, as may be imagined, with religious enthusiasm; they are not allies to boast of, and yet in another week they will have gained the ear of thousands. Sooner than not abuse a good and great man, these wasps will range themselves on the side of Virtue; and though the last persons in the world to raise a little finger to assist the oppressed, they are making capital out of what they call Gordon's "paltering with the slave-trade." I notice this especially in those gentlemen who during the American troubles were persistently on the side of the slave-holders. It is a satisfaction, however, to reflect that General Gordon is a person who, always being actuated by the sense of duty, does not care two straws whether the sympathies of "the drawing-rooms and the clubs" are with him or not.

This indifference to opinion is rare. It has often been a weakness of great minds to know what the world at large really thinks of them. Lord Brougham is said to have been so consumed with curiosity upon this point as to have made a feint of dying in order to study his own obituaries. The scheme was so far successful that he found them much more eulogistic than he would have done twenty years afterward, when he died in real earnest. His device, however, spoiled the market for all imitators. All the journals now insist on waiting till the breath is out of his body before commenting upon any eminent personage. The temptation to do otherwise, and get twelve hours' start of a contemporary, is tremendous; but they have always resisted it. Columns and columns of type, set up on this or that sick man's account, from the Prince of Wales downward, have had to be "distributed" regardless of expense. Nothing is done without the doctor's certificate, and it is probable that no human being will ever have the enjoyment of Lord Brougham's exceptional experience. A dog called Help, the well-known "railway collie," has, however, succeeded in once more taking in the newspapers in this way. His death was telegraphed from the country—he is probably the first dog that ever put the wires in motion—and his virtues have been freely commented on by the London press. Such instinct, such intelligence, such superhuman sagacity, etc., yet all the time his eulogists little knew what a very clever dog he was.

Doubtless acting on Help's instructions, "the General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants" has written to say that the dog is in the enjoyment of his usual health and spirits at his temporary residence (for he is always travelling about) at Worcester.

In dear old Captain Marryat's novels, and indeed in all works that treat of the British sailor, the word "grog" is a synonym for something nice. In Chester, it appears, it is a name for a hideous liquor "compounded of drippings from wine, spirit, and beer casks," which must be even worse than the stuff called "all nations"—a combination of what fell through the holes (made for that very purpose) in the counters of the gin palaces—once so popular with the dregs of our London population. An additional horror in the case of the Chester "grog" is that it is sold by the quart only. The results, as may well be imagined, are coroners' inquests.

With such appalling revelations of the liquor traffic, it is amazing that the advocates of teetotalism do not make a better fight of it; but while drawing sufficiently hideous pictures of what comes of drunkenness, they certainly do not depict the pleasures of sobriety in an attractive light. They always seem to boast of their asceticism, instead of endeavoring to convince us that abstinence is itself an agreeable thing. At the meeting of the National Food Reform Society last week it appeared to be the object of the speakers to show how admirably they could endure discomfort, rather than to give a favorable impression of their system. One of them, an octogenarian, boasted that he had lived for the last twenty years on brown-bread and apples, "at a cost of less than sixpence per diem." But who *wants* to live to eighty years of age on brown-bread and apples? I don't say that I should prefer a short life and Chester grog, but supposing brown-bread and apples (which I don't in the least believe) an essential to longevity, I should prefer a less extending course of existence with palatable and decent food.

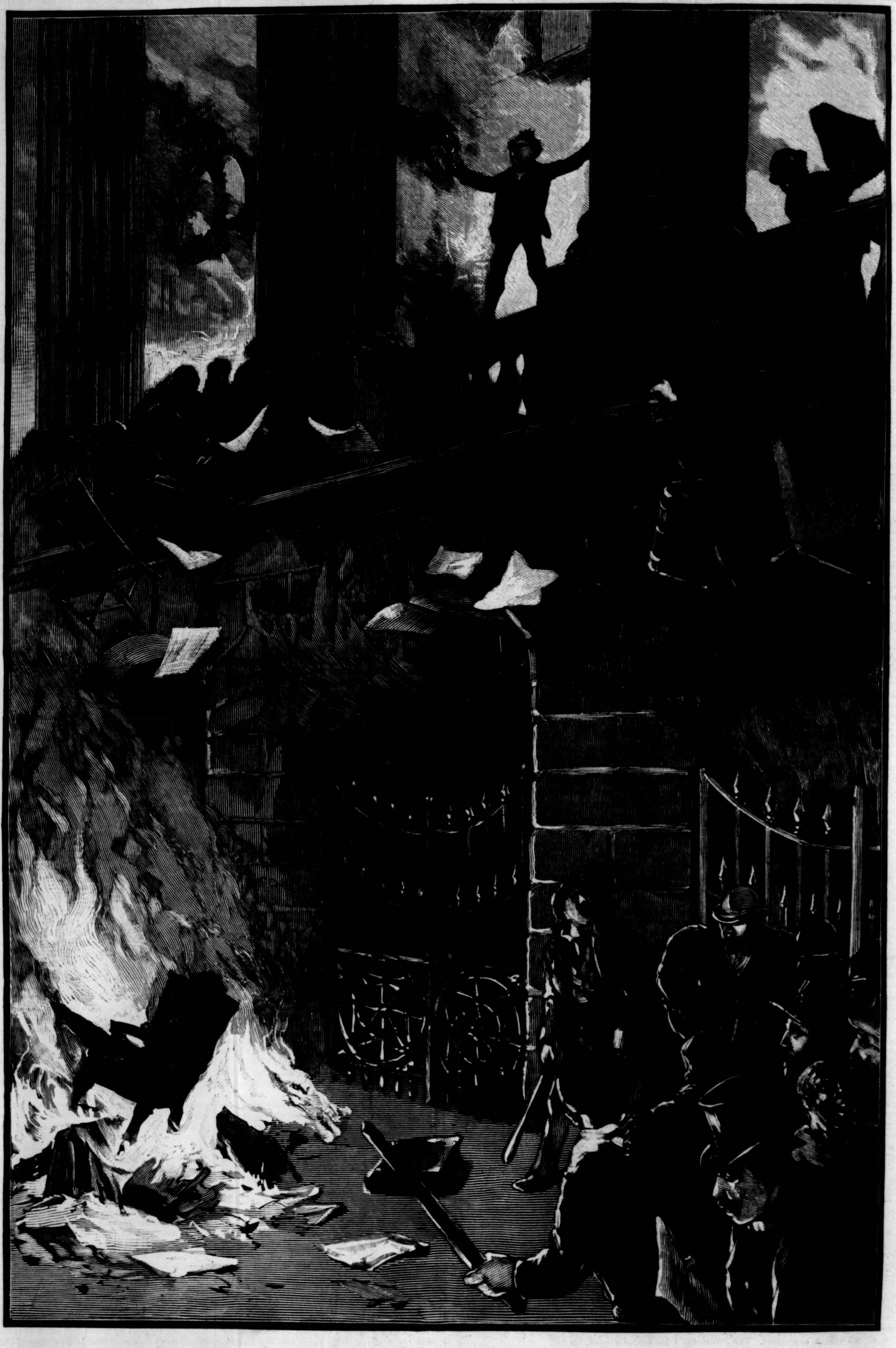
It is not always a desirable thing to live to eighty on any description of nutriment. At Manchester a gentleman of that age has been almost married without his own knowledge. A lady (of forty-five) who nursed him "thought he would like it," and calmly put their banns up in the parish church without consulting him.

Affairs connected with the court always interest me vastly. It has lately, it seems, come to the knowledge of the authorities that certain tradesmen have been setting up the royal arms over their doors without any claim to that distinction; and the *Gazette* gives notice that a fine of £20 is incurred by all such offenders, and will hereafter be inflicted. I expect a good many "chiropodists to the royal family" will have to take down their boards in consequence; but I do hope the cabs which suggest by their panels that they are similarly patronized will not be compelled to put up with a coronet in consequence, or subside into mere armorial bearings. The "growler" in which I go to the City every morning has the royal arms upon it considerably larger than life; and it has hitherto given me much satisfaction to imagine that the male members, at least, of the reigning family have honored it by their presence. At my time of life I can not afford to have an illusion destroyed.

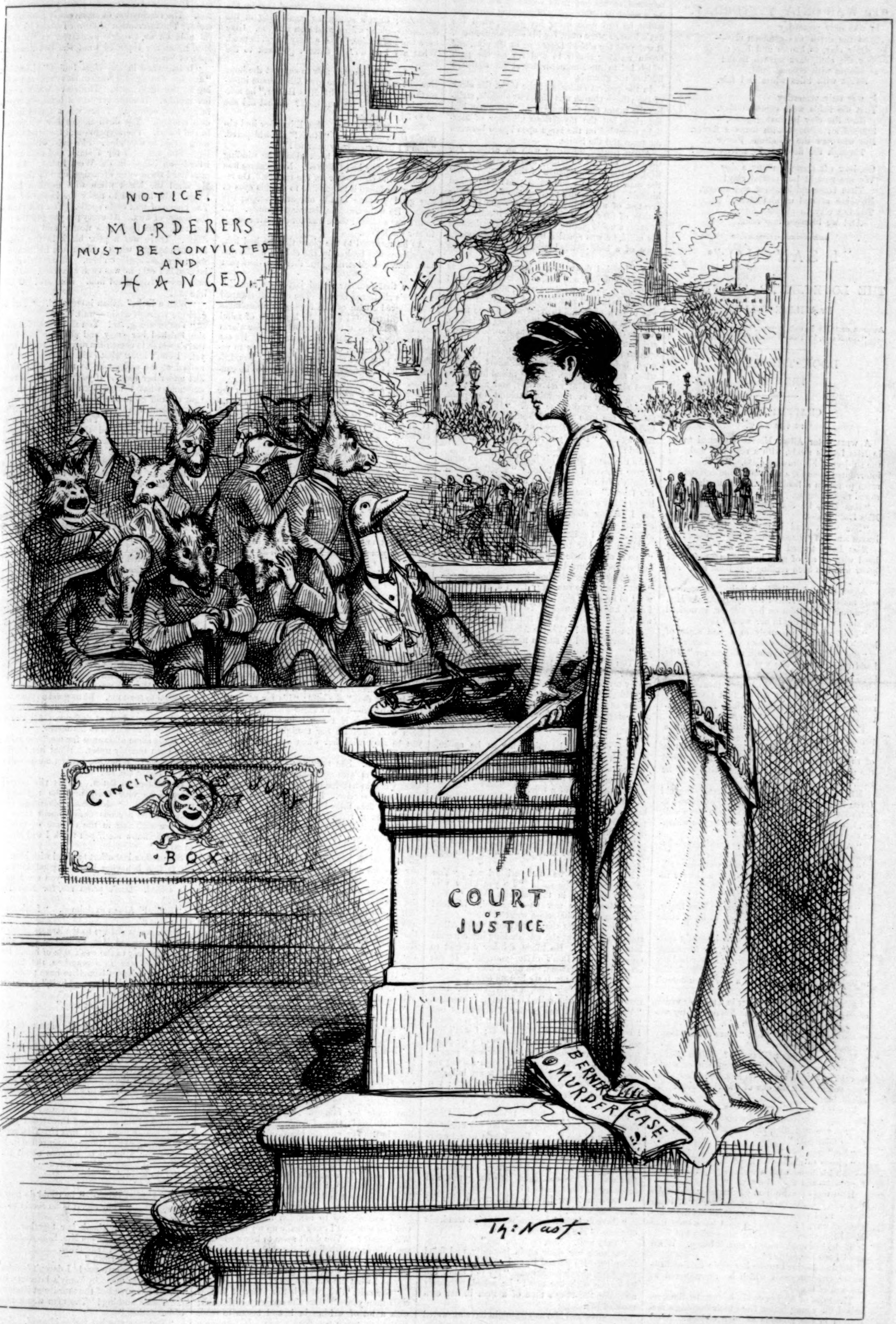
Not only is the ruling passion strong in death, but quite as often the ruling prejudice. A solicitor has left £2000 for founding a scholarship at the Portsmouth Grammar School, "upon the condition that no Jew nor son of a Freemason should share its advantages." The Jew I can understand, for even the most respectable solicitor may in his youth have had to borrow money upon his expectations; but that antipathy to "the son of a Freemason" is inexplicable. I have heard "the son of a sea cook" used as a term of opprobrium to a fellow-creature, but the "son of a Freemason" never. It will come very handy as an addition to our too limited vocabulary of terms of abuse which are not libellous. I wonder whether "Odd-Fellows" and "Foresters" also come in for this good man's aversion?

The sword of state which hangs on the Lord Mayor's seat at the Old Bailey fell down recently in court, and nearly polished off the Alderman beneath it. A century or two ago this would undoubtedly have been taken as an evil augur to the City, especially if any Sir William Harcourt of the period had been just then preparing a reform bill against its privileges. How foolish it is for folks to sit under swords, or anything else which, being merely held by hooks and nails, is certain to fall down sooner or later! The story of Damocles was, I believe, intended as a warning against the practice, only posterity has missed the point of it.

R. Kemble, of London.



THE CINCINNATI RIOTS—DESTRUCTION OF THE COURT-HOUSE—STREET ARABS BURNING THE COURT RECORDS, AND CALLING FOR BIDS ON "THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE."—DRAWN BY F. H. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 241.]


NOTICE.
MURDERERS
MUST BE CONVICTED
AND
HANGED.
CINCIN
JURY
BOX
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OF
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MURDER
CASE.
Th: Nast

A MURDERER HUNG IN TIME SAVES NINE.

WHERE REFORM IS MOST NECESSARY, ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

"IT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY."

It was only yesterday
That the earth was common clay—
  Only clay, so brown and bare;
Now the chill, dark garden mould
Is aflame with crocus' gold,
  Sweet with lilies white and fair.

It was only yesterday
That the fields were common clay.
  Now the clay is waving grass,
Starred all through with many a flower.
But who saw the wondrous Power
  Through the fields and gardens pass?

Oh, how oft through many a day
We are naught but mortal clay!
  Then some spirit, sweet and strong,
Breathes around us airs divine,
Touches clay to purpose fine,
  And we blossom into song.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE SPELL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE DARK.

A WEEK later Alban Morris happened to be in Miss Ladd's study, with a report to make on the subject of his drawing class. Mrs. Ellmother interrupted them for a moment. She entered the room to return a book which Francine had borrowed that morning.

"Has Miss De Sor done with it already?" Miss Ladd asked.

"She won't read it, ma'am. She says the leaves smell of tobacco smoke."

Miss Ladd turned to Alban, and shook her head with an air of good-humored reproof. "I know who has been reading that book last," she said.

Alban pleaded guilty by a look. He was the only master in the school who smoked. As Mrs. Ellmother passed him on her way out he noticed the signs of suffering in her wasted face.

"That woman is surely in a bad state of health," he said. "Has she seen the doctor?"

"She flatly refuses to consult the doctor," Miss Ladd replied. "If she was a stranger, I should meet the difficulty by telling Miss De Sor (whose servant she is) that Mrs. Ellmother must be sent home. But I can not act in that peremptory manner toward a person in whom Emily is interested."

From that moment Mrs. Ellmother became a person in whom Alban was interested. Later in the day he met her in one of the lower corridors of the house, and spoke to her. "I am afraid the air of this place doesn't agree with you," he said.

Mrs. Ellmother's irritable objection to being told (even indirectly) that she looked ill expressed itself roughly in reply. "I dare say you mean well, sir, but I don't see how it matters to you whether the place agrees with me or not."

"Wait a minute," Alban answered, good-humoredly. "I am not quite a stranger to you."

"How do you make that out, if you please?"

"I know a young lady who has a sincere regard for you."

"You don't mean Miss Emily?"

"Yes, I do. I respect and admire Miss Emily, and I have tried, in my poor way, to be of some little service to her."

Mrs. Ellmother's haggard face instantly softened. "Please to forgive me, sir, for forgetting my manners," she said, simply. "I have had my health since the day I was born, and I don't like to be told in my old age that a new place doesn't agree with me."

Alban accepted this apology in a manner which at once won the heart of the North country woman. He shook hands with her. "You're one of the right sort," she said; "there are not many of them in this house."

Was she alluding to Francine? Alban tried to make the discovery. Polite circumlocution would be evidently thrown away on Mrs. Ellmother. "Is your young mistress one of the right sort?" he asked, bluntly.

The old servant's answer was expressed by a frowning look, followed by a plain question.

"Do you say that, sir, because you like my young mistress?"

"No."

"Please to shake hands again!" She said it—took his hand with a sudden grip that spoke for itself—and walked away.

Here was an exhibition of character which Alban was just the man to appreciate. "If I had been an old woman," he thought, in his dryly humorous way, "I believe I should have been like Mrs. Ellmother. We might have talked of Emily, if she had not left me in such a hurry. When shall I see her again?"

He was destined to see her again that night—under circumstances which he remembered to the end of his life.

The rules of Netherwoods, in summer-time, recalled the young ladies from their evening's recreation in the grounds at nine o'clock. After that hour Alban was free to smoke his pipe, and to linger among flower beds and trees, before he returned to his hot little rooms in the village. As a relief to the drudgery of teaching the young ladies, he had been using his pencil, when the day's lessons were over, for his own amusement. It was past ten o'clock before he lit his pipe, and began walking slowly to and fro on the path which led to the summer-house at the southern limit of the grounds.

In the perfect stillness of the night the clock of the village church was distinctly audible, striking the hours and the quarters. The moon had not risen, but the mysterious glimmer of starlight trembled on the large open space between the trees and the house.

Alban paused, admiring with an artist's eye the effect of light, so faintly and delicately beautiful, on the broad expanse of the lawn. "Does the man live who could paint that?" he asked himself. His memory recalled the works of the greatest of all landscape painters—the English artists of fifty years since. While recollections of many a noble picture were still passing through his mind, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a bare-headed woman on the terrace steps.

She hurried down to the lawn, staggering as she ran; stopped, and looked back at the house; hastened onward toward the trees; stopped again, looking backward and forward, uncertain which way to turn next, and then advanced once more. He could now hear her heavily gasping for breath. As she came nearer, the starlight showed a panic-stricken face—the face of Mrs. Ellmother.

Alban ran to meet her. She dropped on the grass before he could cross the short distance which separated them. As he raised her in his arms she looked at him wildly, and murmured and muttered in the vain attempt to speak. "Look at me again," he said. "Don't you remember the man who had some talk with you to-day?" She still stared at him vacantly: he tried again. "Don't you remember Miss Emily's friend?"

As the name passed his lips, her mind in some degree recovered its balance. "Yes," she said. "Emily's friend. I'm glad I have met with Emily's friend." She caught at Alban's arm, starting as if her own words had alarmed her. "What am I talking about? Did I say 'Emily'? A servant ought to say 'Miss Emily.' My head swims. Am I going mad?"

Alban led her to one of the garden chairs. "You're only a little frightened," he said. "Rest, and compose yourself."

She looked over her shoulder toward the house. "Not here! I've run away from a she-devil; I want to be out of sight. Further away, mister—I don't know your name. Tell me your name; I won't trust you unless you tell me your name!"

"Hush! hush! Call me Alban."

"I never heard of such a name; I won't trust you."

"You won't trust your friend, and Emily's friend? You don't mean that, I'm sure. Call me by my other name—call me 'Morris.'"

"Morris?" she repeated. "Ah, I've heard of people called 'Morris.' Look back! Your eyes are young—do you see her on the terrace?"

"There isn't a living soul to be seen anywhere."

With one hand he raised her as he spoke, and with the other he took up the chair. In a minute more they were out of sight of the house. He seated her so that she could rest her head against the trunk of a tree.

"What a good fellow!" the poor old creature said, admiring him; "he knows how my head pains me. Don't stand up! You're a tall man. She might see you."

"She can see nothing. Look at the trees behind us. Even the starlight doesn't get through them."

Mrs. Ellmother was not satisfied yet. "You take it coolly," she said. "Do you know who saw us together in the passage to-day? You good Morris, *she* saw us—she did. Wretch! Cruel, cunning, shameless wretch!"

In the shadows that were round them Alban could just see that she was shaking her clinched fists in the air. He made another attempt to control her. "Don't excite yourself. If she comes into the garden, she might hear you."

The appeal to her fears had its effect.

"That's true," she said, in lowered tones. Sudden distrust of him seized her the next moment. "Who told you I was excited?" she burst out. "It's you who are excited. Deny it if you dare! I begin to suspect you, Mr. Morris; I don't like your conduct. What has become of your pipe? I saw you put your pipe in your coat pocket. You did it when you set me down among the trees where *she* could see me. You are in league with her; she is coming to meet you here; you know she doesn't like tobacco smoke. Are you two going to put me in the mad-house?"

She started to her feet. It occurred to Alban that the speediest way of pacifying her might be by means of the pipe. Mere words would exercise no persuasive influence over that bewildered mind. Instant action of some kind would be far more likely to have the right effect. He put his pipe and his tobacco pouch into her hands, and so mastered her attention before he spoke.

"Do you know how to fill a man's pipe for him?" he asked.

"Haven't I filled my husband's pipe hundreds of times?" she answered, sharply.

"Very well. Now do it for me."

She took her chair again instantly, and filled the pipe. He lighted it, and seated himself on the grass, quietly smoking. "Do you think I'm in league with her now?" he asked, purposely adopting the rough tone of a man in her own rank of life.

She answered him as she might have answered her husband in the days of her unhappy marriage.

"Oh, don't gird at me—there's a good man! If I've been off my head for a minute or two, please not to notice me. It's cool and quiet here," the poor woman said, gratefully. "Bless God for the darkness; there's something comforting in the darkness—along with a good man like you. Give me a word of advice. You are my friend in need. What am I to do? I daren't go back to the house."

She was quiet enough now to suggest the hope that she might be able to give Alban some information. "Were you with Miss De Sor," he asked, "before you came out here? What did she do to frighten you?"

There was no answer. Mrs. Ellmother had abruptly risen once more. "Hush!" she whispered. "Don't I hear somebody near us?"

Alban at once went back along the winding path which they had followed. No creature was visible in the gardens or on the terrace. On returning, he found it impossible to use his eyes to any good purpose in the obscurity among the trees. He waited awhile, listening intently. No sound was audible: there was not even air enough to stir the leaves.

As he returned to the place that he had left, the silence was broken by the chimes of the distant church clock striking the three-quarters past ten.

Even that familiar sound jarred on Mrs. Ellmother's shattered nerves. The cry that escaped her relieved Alban of the feeling of uneasiness which still troubled him. In her state of mind and body she was at the mercy of any false alarm which might be raised by her own fears. He sat down by her again, opened his match-box to relight the pipe, and changed his mind. Mrs. Ellmother had unconsciously warned him to be cautious.

For the first time he thought it likely that the heat in the house might induce some of the inmates to try the cooler atmosphere in the grounds. If this happened, and if he continued to smoke, curiosity might tempt them to follow the scent of tobacco hanging on the stagnant air.

"Is there nobody near us?" Mrs. Ellmother asked. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Now tell me—did you really mean it when you said just now that you wanted my advice?"

"Of course I meant it. Who else have I got to help me?"

"I am ready and willing to help you, but I can't do it unless I know first what has passed between you and Miss De Sor. Will you trust me?"

"I will."

"May I depend on you?"

"I give you my promise—you may depend on that."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TREACHERY OF THE PIPE.

THERE was a pause. It was too dark to see in Mrs. Ellmother's face why she was hesitating. Surprised by her silence, Alban asked if she was beginning already to repent of her promise.

"It isn't that," she said; "it's my poor mind. I'm all abroad—I don't know what to say first."

"Let me try if I can help you. You have been with Miss De Sor to-night. Did she ask you to stay with her when you went into her room?"

"That's it. She rang for me, to see how I was getting on with my needle-work, and she was what I call hearty for the first time since I have been in her service. I didn't think badly of her when she first talked of engaging me, and I've had reason to repent of my opinion ever since. Oh, she showed the cloven foot to-night! 'Sit down,' she says; 'I have nothing to read, and I hate work; let's have a little chat.' She's got a glib tongue of her own. All I could do was to say a word now and then to keep her going. She talked and talked till it was time to light the lamp. She was particular in telling me to put the shade over it. We were half in the dark and half in the light. She trapped me (Lord knows how!) into talking about foreign parts—I mean the place she lived in before they sent her to England. Have you heard that she comes from the West Indies?"

"Yes, I have heard that. Go on."

"Wait a bit, sir. There's something, by your leave, that I want to know. Do you believe in Witchcraft?"

"Of course not. Did Miss De Sor put that question to you?"

"She did."

"And how did you answer?"

"Neither in one way nor the other. I'm in two minds about that matter of Witchcraft. When I was a girl there was an old woman in our village who was a sort of show. People came to see her from all the country round—gentlefolks among them. It was her great age that made her famous. More than a hundred years old, sir! One of our neighbors didn't believe in her age, and she heard of it. She cast a spell on his flock—I tell you, she sent a plague on his sheep, the plague of the Bots. The whole flock died; I remember it well. Some said the sheep would have had the Bots anyhow. Some said it was the spell. Which of them was right? How am I to settle it?"

"Did you mention this to Miss De Sor?"

"I was obliged to mention it. Didn't I tell you just now that I can't make up my mind about Witchcraft? 'You don't seem to know whether you believe or disbelieve,' she says. It made me look like a fool. I told her I had my reasons—and then I was obliged to give them."

"And what did she do then?"

"She said, 'I've got a better story of Witchcraft than yours.' And she opened a little book, with a lot of writing in it, and began to read. Her story made my flesh creep. It turns me cold, sir, when I think of it now."

He heard her moaning and shuddering. Strongly as his interest was excited, there was a compassionate reluctance in him to ask her to go on. His merciful scruples proved to be needless. The fascination of beauty it is possible to resist. The fascination of horror fastens its fearful hold on us, struggle against it as we may. Mrs. Ellmother repeated what she had heard in spite of herself.

"It happened in the West Indies," she said; "and the writing of a woman slave was the writing in the little book. The slave wrote about her mother. Her mother was a black—a witch in her own country. There was a forest in her own country. The devil taught her witchcraft in the forest. The serpents and the wild beasts were afraid to touch her. She lived without eating. She was sold for a slave, and sent to the island—an island in the West Indies. An old man lived there—the wickedest man of them all. He filled the black witch with devilish knowledge. She learned to make the image of wax. The image of wax casts spells. You put pins in the image of wax. At every pin you put the person under the spell gets nearer and nearer to death. There was a poor black in the island. He offended the witch. She made his image in wax; she cast spells on him. He couldn't sleep; he couldn't eat; he was such a coward that common noises frightened him. Like me! O God, like me!"

"Wait a little," Alban interposed. "You are exciting yourself again—wait."

"You're wrong, sir! You think it ended when she finished her story and shut up her book; there's worse to come than anything you've heard yet. I don't know what I did to offend her. She looked at me and spoke to me as if I was the dirt under her feet. 'If you're too stupid to understand what I have been reading,' she says, 'get up and go to the glass. Look at yourself, and remember what happened to the slave who was under the spell. You're getting paler and paler, and thinner and thinner; you're pining away just as he did. Shall I tell you why?' She snatched off the shade from the lamp, and put her hand under the table, and brought out an image of wax. *My* image! She pointed to three pins in it. 'One,' she says, 'for no sleep; one for no appetite; one for broken nerves.' I asked her what I had done to make such a bitter enemy of her. She says, 'Remember what I asked of you when we talked of your being my servant. Choose which you will do. Die by inches' (I swear she said it, as I hope to be saved)—'die by inches, or tell me—'"

There—in the full frenzy of the agitation that possessed her—there, Mrs. Ellmother suddenly stopped.

Alban's first impression was that she might have fainted. He looked closer, and could just see her shadowy figure still seated in the chair. He asked if she was ill. No.

"Then why don't you go on?"

"I have done," she answered.

"Do you think you can put me off," he rejoined, sternly, "with such an excuse as that? What did Miss De Sor ask you to tell her? You promised to trust me. Be as good as your word."

In the days of her health and strength she would have set him at defiance. All she could do now was to appeal to his mercy.

"Make some allowance for me," she said. "I have been terribly upset. What has become of my courage? What has broken me down in this way? Spare me, sir."

He refused to listen. "This vile attempt to practice on your fears may be repeated," he reminded her. "More base advantage may be taken of the nervous derangement from which you are suffering in the climate of this place. You little know me if you think I will allow that to go on."

She made a last effort to plead with him. "Oh, sir, is this behaving like the good, kind man I thought you were? You say you are Miss Emily's friend. Don't press me, for Miss Emily's sake!"

"Emily!" Alban exclaimed. "Is *she* concerned in this?"

There was a change to tenderness in his voice, which persuaded Mrs. Ellmother that she had found her way to the weak side of him. Her one effort now was to strengthen the impression which she believed herself to have produced.

"Miss Emily *is* concerned in it," she confessed.

"In what way?"

"Never mind in what way."

"But I do mind."

"I tell you, sir, Miss Emily must never know it to her dying day!"

The first suspicion of the truth crossed Alban's mind. "And Emily *might* have known it," he added, "if Miss De Sor had forced you into telling her what she wanted to find out. You must have said something to excite her curiosity."

"Never!"

"Are you sure you didn't betray yourself when she showed the image and threatened you?"

"I would have died first!" The reply had hardly escaped her before she regretted it. "What makes you want to be so sure about it?" she said. "It looks as if you knew—"

"I do know."

"What?"

The kindest thing that he could do now was to speak out. "Your secret is no secret to *me*," he said.

Rage and fear shook her together. For the moment she was like the Mrs. Ellmother of former days. "You lie!" she cried.

"I speak the truth."

"I won't believe you! I daren't believe you!"

"Listen to me. In Emily's interests, listen to me. I have read of the murder at Zeeland—"

"That's nothing! The man was a namesake of her father."

"The man was her father himself. Keep your seat! There is nothing to be alarmed about. I know that Emily is ignorant of the horrid death that her father died. I know that you and your late mistress have kept the discovery from her to this day. I know the love and pity which plead your excuse for deceiving her, and the circumstances that favored the deception. My good creature, Emily's peace of mind is as sacred to me as it is to you! I love her as I love my own life—and better. Are you calmer now?"

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

He heard her crying: it was the best relief that could come to her. After waiting awhile to let the tears have their way, he helped her to rise. There was no more to be said now. The one thing to do was to take her back to the house.

"I can give you a word of advice," he said, "before we part for the night. You must leave Miss De Sor's service at once. Your health will be a sufficient excuse. Give her warning immediately."

Mrs. Ellmother hung back when he offered her his arm. The bare prospect of seeing Francine again was revolting to her. On Alban's assurance that the notice to leave could be given in writing, she made no further resistance. The village clock struck eleven as they ascended the terrace steps.

A minute later another person left the grounds by the path which led to the house. Alban's precautions had been taken too late. The smell of tobacco smoke had guided Francine, when she was at a loss which way to turn next in search of Mrs. Ellmother. For the last quarter of an hour she had been listening, hidden among the trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAVIE, LAD.

"Weel, Davie is a bonnie lad;
But then—I'm wae to say it—
He's just o'erfree to trust his friends;
He doesna ken they'll pay it.
He taks as truth whate'er is said,
Since first he went to school,
An' laughs when I maun shake my head—
He's just a little fool!"

"Sandy, wi your head sae high,
Tak tent or you'll fall;
If the lads who trust too much
Little fools you call,
Dinna doubt they're bigger fools
Who don't trust at all."

"An' then about his lass, ye ken,
It's just a fair temptation;
She's saint or angel, naething less—
He has nae moderation.
The lass is well enough, nae doubt,
But lasses like to rule,
And he that loves them overmuch
Is just a little fool!"

"Little fools, nae doubt, are they;
You are right, my lad;
But to love them not at all
Is ten times as bad.
Count a selfish chiel like that
A deal waur than mad."

"Ah, weel, I mind one ither fault—
He's far too fond o' giving;
There's nae worse way to waste your gear,
As sure as you are living.
But aye he gives an' loves an' lends,
I kenna by what rule;
But weel I ken he gives too much—
He's just a little fool!"

"Sandy, dinna fret your heart;
There's waur fools than Dave;
Bigger fools than they who give,
They who scrimp and save.
As the lad can hold his own,
Ye may trust the lave."

THE FASHIONS OF SPRING.

(NOT SPRING FASHIONS.)

The fashions of spring never alter except in the matter of winds, and even these are only of two kinds—the balmy and the bitter. I am speaking of the fashions of the season of spring itself, and not of the spring fashions of human beings during that season. The latter alter every time that March comes round, and a kaleidoscopic change of light-headed shapes and hues occupies the interval that introduces the March hare to the April fool, and both of them to midsummer madness.

Spring itself, however, takes no heed of changing fashions, and if old gold were to go out of favor, sage green be voted vulgar, and Mother Hubbard bonnets cease from the land, the welcome season would not alter one whit its own tints or forms. The hyacinths have only one suit a year, and violets disdain a choice of wardrobe. Could the crocus borrow a hue from the almond, a willow-palm be anything but silver and gold? Look at the leaves and note their graceful plagiarism from year to year. Observe the stereotyped orthodoxy of opening buds. Consistent throughout, Nature gives her insect folk the same coloring every spring, and in the woodland now flushing green and in the lanes now showing the first blush of barberry bloom the early butterflies are on the wing in their new apparel, all spick and span together.

Here and there a tattered congener who has managed to carry over the ragged fragments of last year's bravery into 1884 flickers about in the sunlight, the nestor among the dainty ephemera, and to such short-lived creatures a thing of large experience. The rest, however, have all got on their brand-new mealy wings, and none of the exquisite down on their backs has as yet been rubbed off against leaves and twigs. They are starting in life as smart as possible, and as full of hopes as butterflies can be. Queer flies, with heads that have hardly room for their eyes, and none at all for noses, are all excitement and fuss, making delightful experiences of the new spring world, while out from the softened ground come creeping up the first beetles of the year, brightly burnished, for they have just been turned out from the mint, and are active with all the first enthusiasm of possessing a complete set of limbs.

What a miracle-worker the sun is! The earth becomes happy at once as soon as the sun begins to shine. No wonder nations worship it. Europeans too would worship the sun, perhaps, if they ever saw it in all its majesty as others do. A Parsee, a fire-worshipper, was in London the other day. "So you really worship the sun?" said an Englishman, in astonishment, to the Zoroasterian.

"Yes," replied the other, "I do; and so would you, perhaps, *if you had ever seen the sun!*"

It is this regularity in nature that gives the revolving seasons so much of their charm. Human beings, with few exceptions, prefer that to which they are accustomed. A few maintain that novelty is the salt of life to them, and that they do not like visiting the same place, or even reaching it by the same road, twice. Given the choice, they would, they say, always be going to some new spot by some novel road. Such natures as these, however, are undeniably eccentric. Custom is restful, and therefore more agreeable to the large majority of human beings. Innovation means perplexity, anxiety, and perhaps trouble, while routine means confidence in expectations and certainty in results. By far the greater number, therefore, incline to the latter, and prefer those lines in life which involve as little perplexity and change as possible. It soothes them to know what they are looking forward to, and it is a comfort to them to find, when it does come, that it is just what they expected. As soon, therefore, as winter has melted away into the mere memory of Christmas gayeties we begin to talk of spring, its events and interests, relying upon the familiar features of the season not to disappoint us. It is of no use that year after year we find December lagging in lanes where the blossoms of May are impatiently waiting in the buds for the unwelcome intruder to pass on, nor that again and again the crocus and the peach blossom, constant to their proper dates, have had to bewail in the frost of May the confidence which led them to hold up their frail petals to the sun of a fitful April. The vernal bluebird has often lilted its glad tidings of coming spring to wood-side and copse still harsh with winter, and the brooding bobolink been snowed up in her nest.

But these aberrations of temperature do not mar the orderly procession of the seasons; they only assist to emphasize the stately sequence by which our months proceed. Hail, Spring!—*and it did*—is an old gibe against the month of April; but in spite of it we insist upon believing that the month that brings the bluebird sees the end of winter. This year we have not had much cause to complain. At the beginning of the month there was an interval of soft spring weather, of which the eager leaves and flowers took advantage at once, and keen though the air has sometimes been since, the sun has been shining brightly, so that neither plant nor insect nor bird has had a doubt that vernal days had returned. So the butterflies are abroad, loitering along the country lanes, and making acquaintance with lilac bud and hyacinth; all the shrubs are tipped with rosy buds or faintly green; all the birds are busy in their honey-moon plumage, and preparing for the great duties of the coming summer. In none of these charms does spring ever disappoint us, although its coming may be delayed; and it is pleasant, therefore, as the chills of winter fade away, to look forward with confidence to the sights and sounds of the woodland. We men and women mark off the year by movable feasts and fasts, by high days that are fixed only in relation to others that are changing yearly, but every now and then Nature steps in and tells off for us portions of the year that can not be altered—by her midsummer days and May-days, her harvest-moons and equinoxes. She sends us the oriole and the swallow, the wild rose and the golden-rod, that we may never forget the gracious sequence of her favors, or fail to carry on from year to year the tradition of her unvarying harmony.

The new plumage of the first tortoise-shell butterfly or the herald blossom on the peach may seem a small text for so large a theme. Yet, after all, the harmonious order of Nature can never be seen so wonderfully as in her smaller works. What, some might say, would it matter, after all, if butterflies were to change their hues every year, and flowers were to strike the whole gamut of colors in a season? Why should not our violets come up spotted, and our crocuses borrow the dædal petals of the tulip? Would it make any difference if the white-winged butterflies freaked themselves out with the tiger-cat painting of their more richly colored congeners? Yes, it would make all the difference in the world, for it would render us perpetual strangers to Nature. As it is, we know her in her more familiar aspects, and have come to look for these with the regularity of sunrise and sunset, and so in a manner have grown into her ways, and become intimate with her. We can trust to her that she will not explode a mine upon us, or surprise us suddenly by novelties. This belief is comfortable and full of ease, enabling us to forecast the year, and to anticipate the revolving moons. But our sense of security in Nature's orthodoxy has really grown up from the observation of small things only. We see that a certain wild flower has come up, and we say at once, "Why, spring has come."

In some countries tremendous convulsions of nature herald the change of seasons. But here we are content to take our omens from lilac buds, and our auguries from the twitter of the swallows, thus reverting innocently to the superstitions of dead worlds. No eloquence of human tongue could weigh against one single carol of the rollicking bobolink, and there is more certainty of prediction in the flutter of a butterfly's wing than in all the wisdom of any volume ever penned by science.

A TERRIBLE WRECK.

We have to record another lamentable disaster at sea. The steamer *Daniel Steinmann*, commanded by Captain Van Schoonhoven, from Antwerp, for Halifax and New York, struck the rocks off Sambro Island, north of Halifax Harbor, at ten o'clock on the night of April 3, and sank immediately in deep water. There were ninety-four passengers, and thirty-nine men in the crew. Of these the captain, five sailors, and three passengers were saved. Seventy-six passengers were bound to this city.

The *Daniel Steinmann* left Antwerp on March 20. She was due at Halifax on the 4th, and made a quick trip to be off Sambro on the night of the 3d. A stiff southeast breeze prevailed after six o'clock on the afternoon of that day, and between eight and nine o'clock there were heavy thunder and lightning. At ten o'clock a squall sprang up, which proved to be a small hurricane. There were also a thick fog and heavy rain.

Sambro Island is three and a half miles from Sambro village, near the scene of the wreck of the ill-fated *Atlantic*, eleven years ago the 1st of this month. There is a light-house on the island. All around are rocks and shoals. Captain Van Schoonhoven was eight miles out of his course when the steamer struck. The thick fog prevented his seeing the light, and running before the southeast wind, and with the heavy sea, he ran his ship right on the rocks within three hundred yards of the light-house.

As soon as news of the wreck reached Halifax a tug was dispatched to the scene of the disaster, but the rough sea prevented communication with the wreck, and all attempts to land on Sambro Island were unavailing. The captain and the eight other survivors succeeded in reaching Sambro Island, but at the time of writing no particulars of their escape have come to hand, the violence of the storm preventing regular communication with the mainland, even by signal, since the first announcement of the disaster.

Many awful shipwrecks have occurred in the vicinity of Sambro Light, the most terrible being the loss of the White Star steamer *Atlantic*, almost exactly eleven years ago. Out of nearly a thousand passengers on board, 546 were lost. The *Atlantic* was running at a speed of about twelve knots an hour when she struck, and not an officer on board appeared to know her exact position.

The captain of the *Daniel Steinmann* had taken his ship three times into the port of Halifax, and must have known the dangerous character of the coast he was approaching in a dense fog. If later particulars shall show him to have been guilty of neglect of the ordinary precautions which should be observed under such circumstances, he should be held to a strict accountability. No punishment can be too severe for a crime that involves a disaster like this, costing untold distress and the loss of scores of human lives.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Positively the most ferocious creature of its size is the buffalo-gnat. In forty-eight hours these insects killed two hundred mules in Louisiana.

The cremationists of London desire that an incinerating furnace in full blast shall be one of the attractions of the forth-coming National Health Exhibition.

Only six peers were present when Baron Tennyson, wearing the robes of Lord Coleridge, subscribed to the roll. "But then," says the London *World*, "Tennyson is neither a sportsman nor a politician, and is probably unknown by name to most of his new brethren."

An old-time gold excitement has broken out in the Cœur d'Alene region in the Northwest. A gentleman who has returned to St. Paul from the mines estimates that there will soon be from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand persons on the ground. Owners of claims will not sell them, and many sit with gun in hand watching their claims, and waiting for the deep snow to melt. Few miners are at work, but there are already stories of fabulous yields.

The originator of the standard time system says that seventy-eight out of one hundred of the principal cities named in the census of 1880—exclusive of Pacific coast cities—have adopted standard as their official time. It is expected that the Pacific railway companies will adopt standard time when they make up their spring schedules, and that the towns of the Pacific coast will then substitute it for local time. The official time of the District of Columbia is that of the seventy-fifth meridian, the change having been made by act of Congress. Out of one hundred and fifty-three railroads, the towns along one hundred and eight are using standard time. Six cities in Ohio, and three each in Pennsylvania and Maine, still hold to local time. Excepting these States and those of the Pacific coast, no State has more than two cities that have not made the change.

College aquatics give place in winter to college hydraulics. A recent winter meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association was attended by fifteen hundred persons, many of whom were ladies. The University crew gave an exhibition row on the hydraulic rig, and "pulled in remarkably good form."

A writer in Washington says that since the accession of President Arthur the hours for parties at the capital have been growing later and later. The President seldom goes earlier than midnight to any other than a dinner party. Formal dinners begin at half past seven instead of seven as formerly. Dinner at the White House, whether formal or informal, is not usually served till eight o'clock. For evening parties in Washington the hour named in the invitation is usually nine, but they rarely begin until ten or later.

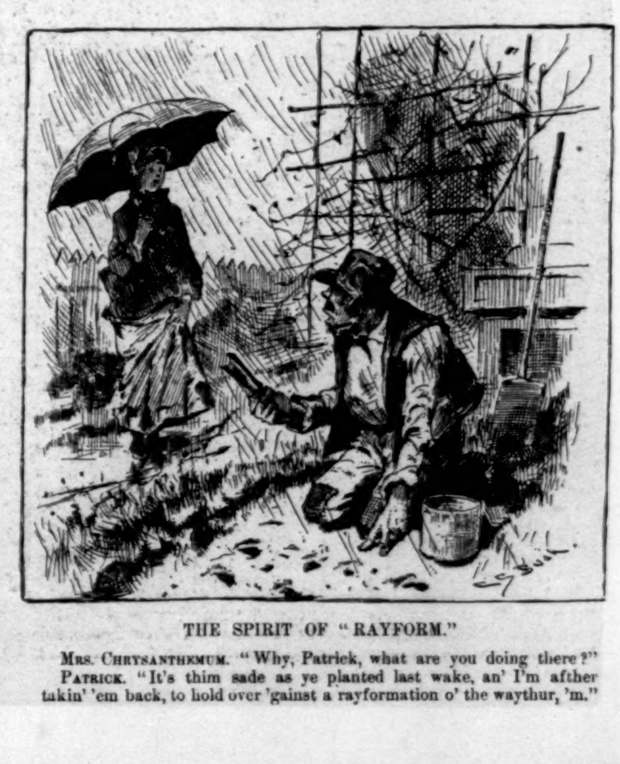
It seems that the wide-awake street venders of the metropolis find it for their advantage to keep the run of the ecclesiastical calendar. Crucifixes, rosaries, and prayer-books, are sold during Lent on stands near the large Roman Catholic churches.

While standing in a crowded street car, a Boston woman was asked by a man sitting near her the way to the Hotel Vendome. She gave him the desired information, and he in turn said that she might have his seat when he was through with it. The Boston *Pilot*, telling the story, says: "Soon after, she went to hear Matthew Arnold lecture, and found she was right in thinking the gentleman who asked his way of her was an Englishman—it was Matthew Arnold." Mr. Arnold was not aware of the fact that it became necessary years ago to build awnings and benches on the tops of Boston street cars to accommodate the gallant gentlemen who insisted upon yielding not only their seats, but all the standing room on the ground-floor of the vehicles to the ladies.

One of the most enthusiastic advocates of pillage during the riot in Cincinnati was an ex-member of the Ohio Legislature. He is now in jail.

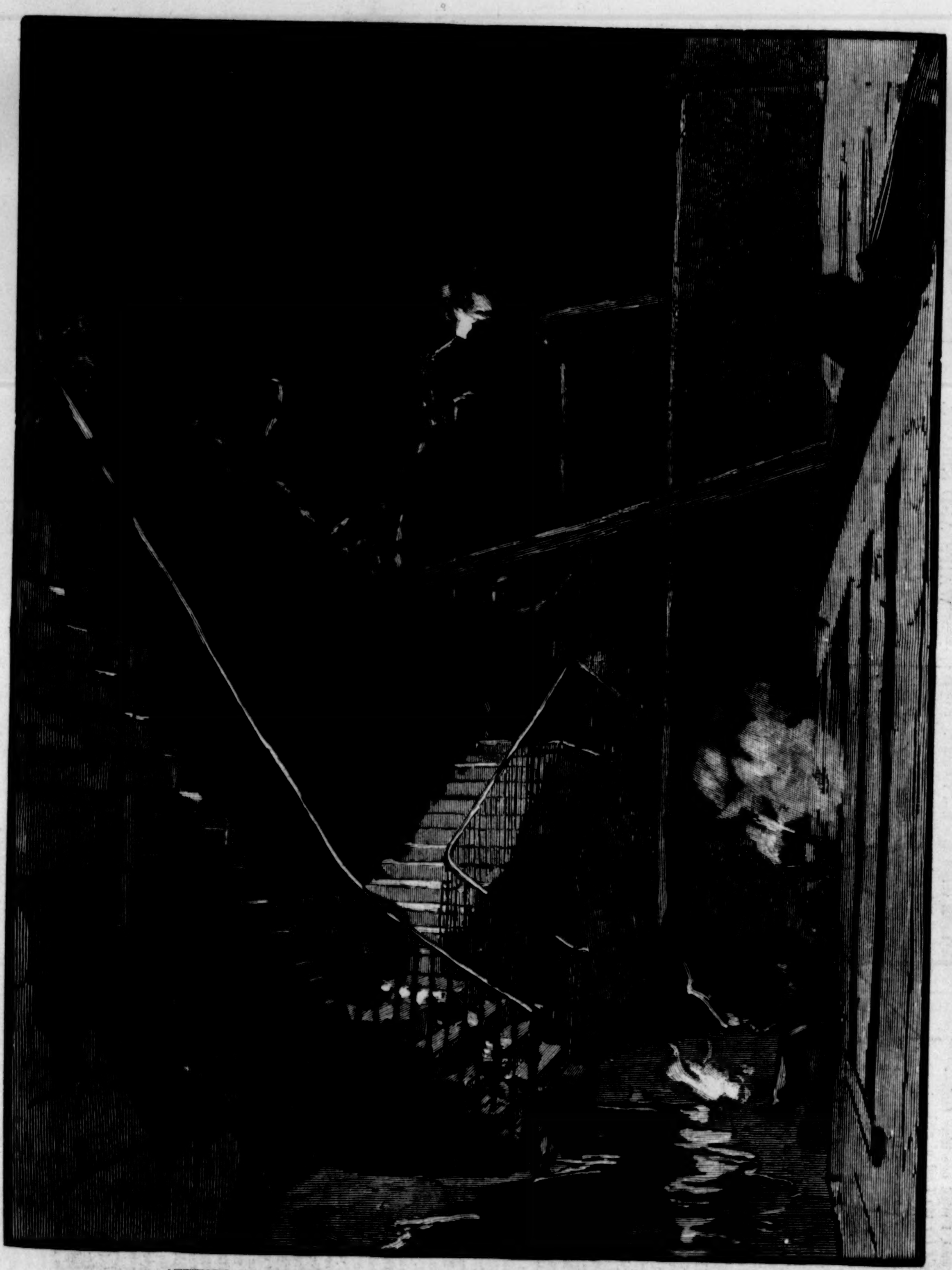
Mr. Beecher says that Brooklyn is "the city of the future." Nearly all the funeral processions seen hereabouts are headed in that direction.

The first of the long-promised cheap cabs have been put on the streets. They seem to have been designed for convenience, comfort, and durability. Only the fastidious will see anything objectionable in their appearance, and with the bright yellow paint on the lower part of the body and the somewhat gaudy signs on top, the new vehicles are still considerably less remarkable than some of the dog-carts and phaetons that carry fashionable people through the Park and along the avenues. The scheme of the projectors is to accommodate travel across town chiefly, and in quarters of the city where there is a lack of other public conveyances, as between the Court-house and the region near Trinity Church, in which so many of the lawyers have their offices. It is a fact that the cross-town lines of street cars are of very little use to anybody who is in a hurry, even if he desires to go where they will ultimately take him. There is no conveyance from Fulton Ferry, the chief landing on the East River, to the Cortlandt and Liberty Street ferries, the chief landings on the North River; yet, because of the crowds and narrow sidewalks, the walk across town there is more tiresome than the longer walk from Madison Square to the Grand Central Depot. The public is not likely to find fault with the fixed rates of fare. The success of the scheme depends upon the success of the projectors in finding drivers who will be honest and civil.

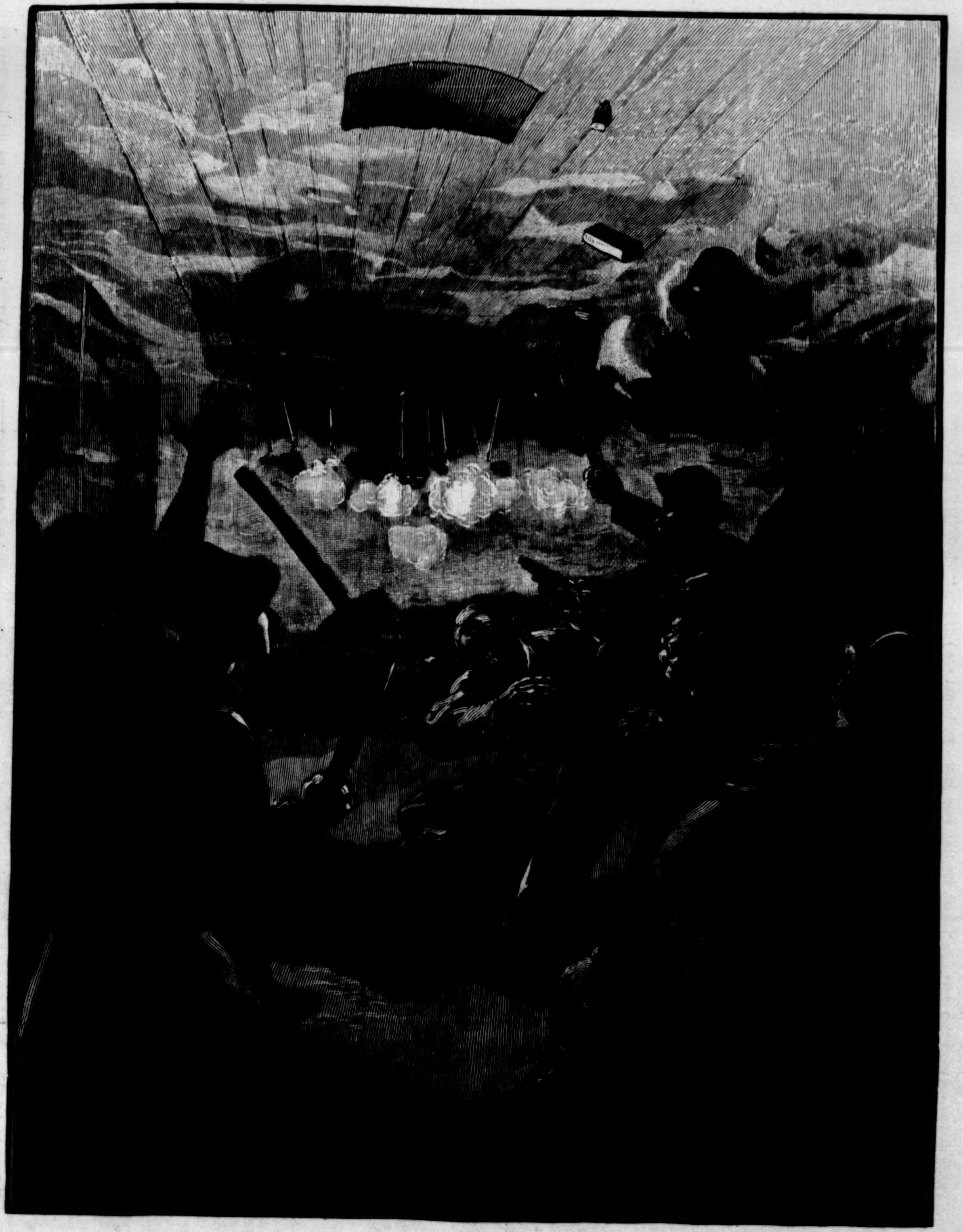


THE SPIRIT OF "RAYFORM."

Mrs. Chrysanthemum. "Why, Patrick, what are you doing there?"
Patrick. "It's thim sade as ye planted last wake, an' I'm afther takin' 'em back, to hold over 'gainst a rayformation o' the waythur, 'm."

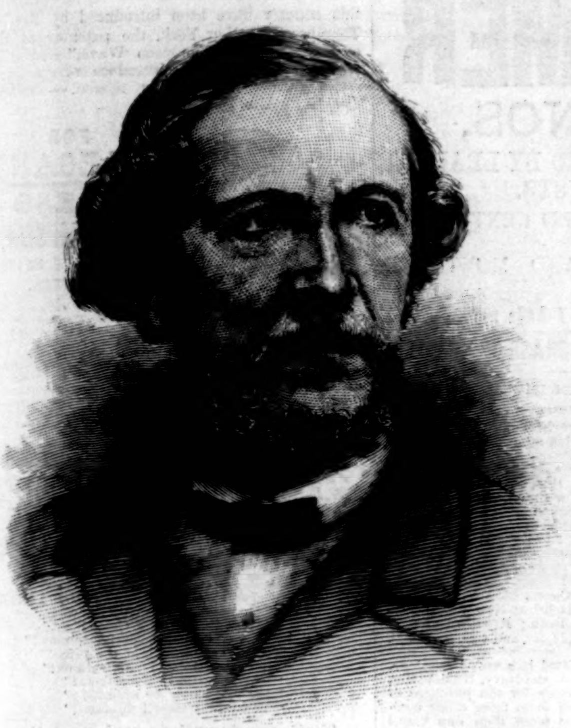


ATTEMPT TO DISLODGE THE BESIEGED IN THE JAIL.—From a Sketch by F. H. Farny.

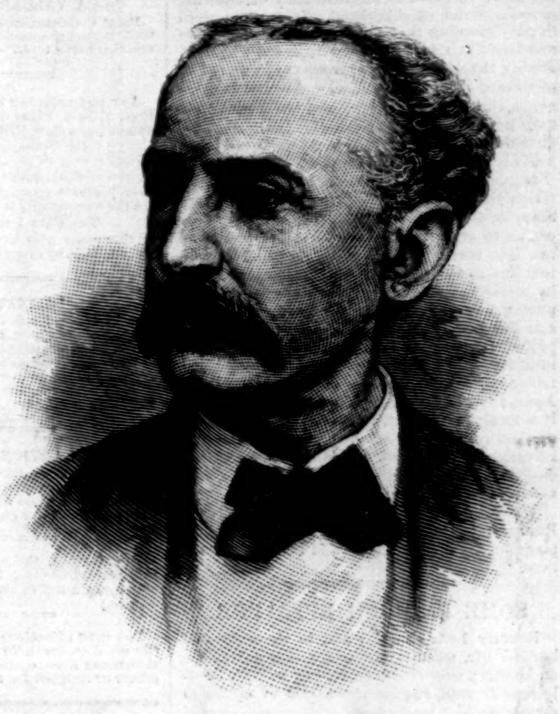


THE FIRST VOLLEY IN THE TUNNEL.—From a Sketch by F. H. Farny.

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.—[See Page 241.]



NICHOLAS TRÜBNER.—PHOT. BY DISDÉRÉ & CO.—[SEE PAGE 231.]



FREDERICK LEYPOLDT.—PHOT. BY C. D. FREDERICKS & CO.—[SEE PAGE 231.]

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

THE remarkable riots in the city of Cincinnati on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 28th, 29th, and 30th of March, are known in their general features to all readers of newspapers in the United States. They are by this time known also, perhaps not so correctly, to newspaper readers the world over, and they are not calculated to raise the repute of this country for civil capacity and respect for law. That a community known for its unusual prosperity, for the orderly energy and intelligence of its members, for its zeal in art and literature, and its general public spirit, should for three days in succession witness an obstinate and violent assault by a mob upon the officers of the law, and the destruction of one of its chief public buildings by incendiarism, is something to be amazed at as well as to regret. In considering the occurrence, now that it is in the past, certain significant facts come out which were not readily seen in the excitement in which the immediate comments of the daily press were made.

The occasion of the riot—the escape of the murderer BERNER from the full and deserved penalty of his cruel, premeditated, confessed, and atrocious crime—was, it now seems, only the last, and not the worst, of the failures of justice in Cincinnati and its neighborhood. It had come to be a general belief there that the law was such in its provisions and in its administration that a criminal with money could escape punishment. By the favor shown a prisoner in the number of peremptory challenges of jurors, by the far-fetched construction of the plea of insanity, by the technicalities of practice in the matter of evidence, by the possible corruption and actual less average of intelligence of jurors, and by the "influence" of politicians, it was believed to have become practicable for the guilty to escape the hand of justice. Of the prevalence of this belief, and of its substantial foundation, there is, unfortunately, little room for doubt. An unreasoning desire to right this terrible wrong seems to have been throughout the prevailing motive of the rioters. A careful comparison and analysis of the various reports, local and other, reveals no authenticated instance of pillage except to obtain arms and combustibles, and no evidence of the presence in any large numbers of the criminal or lawless element in the crowds which for three days kept up the assault upon the jail and the court-house in Cincinnati. There was, of course, a good deal of rage and vindictiveness aroused by the killing and wounding by the police and militia, and this accounts for most of the violence after it became clear, even to the mob, that it would be impossible to get at any of the murderers in the jail. But of the malicious plundering and violence which were marked features of the draft riots in New York, and of the railroad riots in Pittsburgh in 1878, there was scarcely any. The whole affair was mainly a struggle to hang murderers, with the inevitable incidents of revengeful fighting.

When this has been said, all has been said that can be to justify or excuse the riots. Obviously it does neither the one nor the other, though it explains them, and must be remembered in any honest attempt to draw from them any valuable lesson for the future. The next fact which becomes clear to a candid student of these events is the defective means for the suppression of the riots, and the bungling manner in which those means were used. On Friday, the first night, the attack on the jail was met by a little squad of sheriff's deputies and the jail guards, aided at first by a moderate force of police, and afterward by a part of a regiment of militia, which signalized its arrival on the ground by a scared volley of musketry, which killed a policeman and wounded several soldiers in the ranks. That night was a long, feeble, undirected tussle to get and keep the mob out of the jail, which, toward morning, was successful, most of the crowd going away of their own accord. The series of fatal errors and neglects began the next day. The jail is connected by a tunnel with the court-house, in front of which is a large square. This open square was left practically unguarded, as were the streets immediately approaching the jail. Perhaps the police force was inadequate to the work, and there was but little to be expected from the militia of the city, whatever the cause. Crowds were allowed to gather around the jail, and by night the disturbances were renewed. Baffled in the direct attack on the jail, the mob set fire to the court-house, and gutted it. The night was spent in much the same disorder as the previous one, with half-aimless assaults and irregular and intermittent resistance, in the course of which there was a good deal of shooting, and more lives were taken and wounds inflicted. The fighting lasted, with more or less violence, all night. There was a period of quiet on Sunday morning, but in the after-

THE WRECK OF THE "DANIEL STEINMANN"—SAMBRO ISLAND LIGHT.—[SEE PAGE 239.]

noon the troubles broke out again, this time from the same cause—the imbecile folly of allowing crowds in the neighborhood. It was not until Sunday morning that the Governor of the State awakened to a sense of his duty in the premises. During the day some 8000 troops were moved to or toward Cincinnati. The streets and squares about the jail were cleared and barricaded; patrols kept the streets measurably free; the public buildings were guarded, and by night-fall peace was restored.

It must be plain to all that the two things which these terrible events emphasize to every State in the Union are, first, that it is very dangerous to allow the administration of justice to fall into corruption and weakness; and second, that the means of repressing violence, whatever its motives, must be greatly increased and kept more vigorously in hand. Outside of New York and Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Boston, there are probably few cities in which a riot, once under headway, could be put down with any more certainty and celerity than was the one in Cincinnati. Apart from the police, which must remain largely a local department, the militia is necessarily the last resort in a free community for the preservation of order, and to the strength and efficiency of the militia there is, unfortunately, very much lacking.

We are indebted to Mr. J. **Landy**, and Messrs. **Rombach & Gröne**, of Cincinnati, for effective photographs of the scenes and incidents of the riots.

SOME ENGLISH EPITAPHS.

Brevity hath charms; and in these days of hurried life, when we complain that fifty miles an hour is a slow rate of travelling, we have hardly time to read, and no inclination or ability to remember, long inscriptions. Those who erected a memorial to Sir John Strange, a lawyer, were, in this respect, in advance of their age. Of him they say,

> "Here lies an honest lawyer; that is Strange."

Strange, yet true! At Finedon there is a curt though graceful couplet:

> "Here lyeth Richard Dent,
> In his last tenement.
> 1709."

Of another gentleman, a Mr. Box, the nature of his final resting-place is announced in euphonious verse. A suspicion arises, however, that on this occasion the undertaker was also the poet, and managed to insert a neat advertisement in an epitaph:

> "Here lies one Box within another;
> The one of wood
> Was very good;
> We can not say so much for t'other."

From Ireland comes a characteristic epitaph:

> "Under this stone lie two babies dear;
> One is buried in Connaught, and the other here."

That the following is at Lillington, near Leamington, there is no reason to doubt; the lines are touching. They are in memory of a man named John Trees:

> "Poorly lived,
> And poorly died,
> Poorly buried,
> And no one cried."

Equally melancholy, though with a different kind of sadness, are the rhymes on John Hill; they come from "a church-yard at Manchester":

> "Here lies John Hill, a man of skill;
> His age was five times ten.
> He ne'er did good, nor ever would
> Had he lived as long again."

Were all epitaphs as truthful as this, gravestones would be relieved of the charge of indiscriminate praise.

LONDON WATER.

Dr. Percy F. Frankland, in a recent lecture before the Society of Arts on "The Upper Thames as a Source of Water Supply," stated that during the past year the average quantity of water supplied in London amounted to 145,000,000 gallons per day; of that enormous volume as much as 72,000,000 gallons, or nearly one-half, was taken from the Thames, while of the remainder nearly the whole was derived from the River Lea, and but a comparatively small fraction from deep wells sunk into the chalk.

Before concluding his interesting lecture he showed, first, that the present water supply of London from the Thames was, to say the least of it, an unsatisfactory one, and, moreover, that it was unsatisfactory in spite of important and very extensive improvements that had been made on the banks of the river, and in the appliances of the water companies; secondly, that it was impossible to protect a large body of water like the Thames, flowing as it did through a populous district in a high state of cultivation, from contamination with sewage and other objectionable matters; thirdly, that such matters were at present largely discharged into the river in spite of the active measures which were taken to prevent such pollution; fourthly, that water which was polluted, and even with sewage affluents, might at any time carry with it infection, and that the water of the Thames was not subjected to any process by the water companies which could insure the removal of such morbific matter if present; fifthly, that in nearly all other towns in the Thames basin the Thames and its tributaries were rejected as sources of water supply, and that those towns were generally supplied with spring or deep well water, which was especially abundant in the valley of the Thames; and sixthly, that the great obstacle in the way of a similar supply being obtained for the metropolis was the great magnitude of the capital invested in existing works, the interests of which capital were at present allowed to override all other considerations.

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Over thirty-six years have elapsed since it was first offered to the public. It is free from any disagreeable odor, perfectly clean, and warranted harmless. These are the reasons why it has been pronounced

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by thousands who have used it. Try it, and be convinced. Sold by druggists. Depot, 42 Murray St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, *March* 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $24,200; Florida, at New London, Conn., $52,700; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $24,900, at New York; Supply $800, at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $5,200, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

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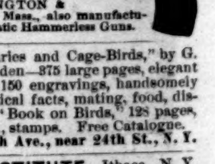

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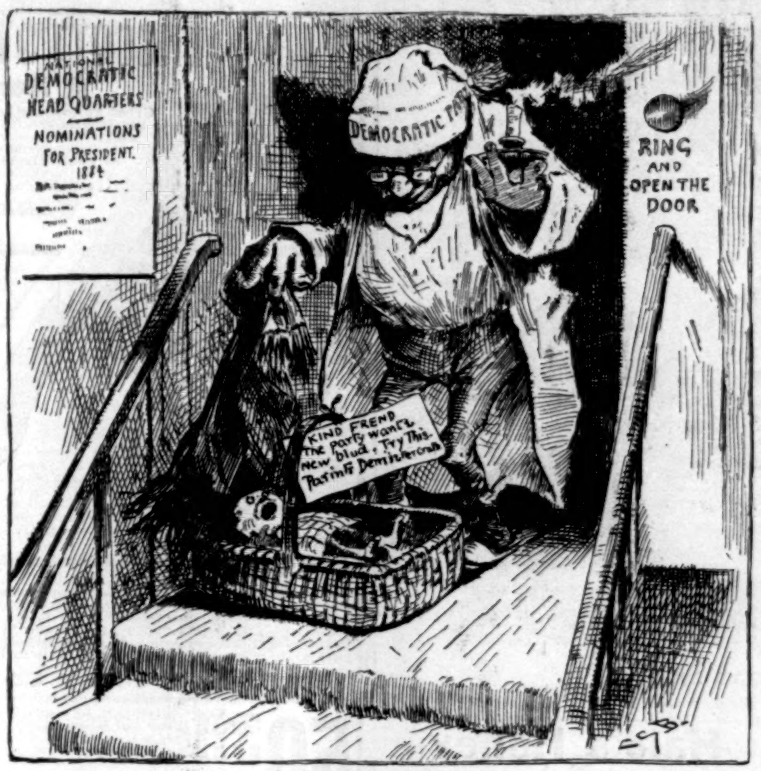
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